THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

October, 1800.

TO THE LADIES.

HAVING received intimations from many of our Fair Readers, of their wish to be sometimes furnished with PATTERNS of any thing new in ORNAMENTAL or FANCY WORK, we have this Month presented them with a PATTERN for a CARPET, to be worked in Worsted on Canvass. With regard to the different colours proper to be used, we respectfully refer to their own good taste as the best guide.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXVIII.

Ye blooming belles, tho' Nature made you fair,
Still let the MIND engross your noblest care. ANON.

THE very sensible letter of *Maria Friendless*, and the commendable sentiments she expresses, demand my earliest attention. On referring, however, to a former paper in the Old Woman, she will perceive that I have already given my opinion on the proper subjects of female reading. But to impress, by reiterated efforts, just notions on such a momentous topic, and even to have the satisfaction of being useful to one worthy individual, are objects not unworthy of my undertaking and aim. I have myself felt the ill consequences of desultory reading, and improper selection: and a guide who has once erred, is less likely to lose the road again, than such as pursue their career with the confidence of inexperience.

It is not, however, to be expected, that I am, on this occasion, to furnish my amiable Querist with a long list of the names of books. If my life be spared, and the evening of my day be crowned with health, it is not improbable that I may be induced to furnish a Catalogue adapted for a Female Library. Fortunately, the number of valuable Publications is not small; and it only requires taste, judgment, and integrity, to exhibit a collection which would do honour to English literature, and insure the improvement of the Female World. In pursuance of my present limited design, I would advise every young lady, who "wishes to make herself a rational companion for a sensible man," to pay some attention to the following classes of composition.

I. As religion is not only the heightener of joy, but the only solace of affliction, I would have her well acquainted

quainted with its divine precepts, and to study the scriptures, unshackled by human systems. I would then recommend her attention to the particular tenets of the church or sect in which she is brought up, that she may be able to distinguish between contending parties; and at the same time, keeping her mind open to the liberal impulses of universal charity, to see the beauties and defects, the merits and faults, of superstructures reared on the same sure basis of revelation.

II. Next to religion, ethics or morals should be esteemed and pursued. The English classics, among which may be ranked the works of Addison, Johnson, Hawkesworth, and others, are deserving of a high degree of attention, as they have long possessed a celebrity which can only be the effect of intrinsic merit.

III. A general acquaintance with the best poets will be worth cultivating. They inspire delicacy of taste, purity of sentiment, and an elegant refinement of intellect, which can scarcely be acquired from any other source. To commit favourite passages to memory will be a pleasing and a liberal amusement; but quotations should be brought forward with a prudent reserve in mixed company, and only kept for proper occasions, when they are naturally elicited, and for friendly ears that love to listen to the beauties communicated.

IV. No lady should be ignorant of geography, general and particular. Under this head, I comprehend books of voyages, travels, and tours, which exhibit the variety of manners and customs of mankind, however widely disseminated; and from a comparison of advantages and disadvantages of good and evil, in every situation, teach the reflecting mind to judge with impartiality, and to discriminate with propriety. To consider every nation except our own as barbarians, to estimate every thing in the scale of our own established habits, shews a little mind: and to be wholly unacquainted with the existence or the peculiarities of other countries, evinces such a contemptible

ignorance, and such a want of laudable curiosity, as must make a woman appear blank and uninformed on the most trivial occasions.

V. As an amusement, at once elegant and conducive to health, I would strongly urge an attention to the Science of Botany, which, indeed, is a sufficient favourite with ladies of the present age, and does credit to their taste. From the contemplation of the beauties of vegetable nature, they will imbibe sentiments of real value in life. The ordinary but salutary plant, the beautiful but deleterious, will read many a moral and impressive lesson against trusting to external, and therefore fallacious, appearances.

VI. Animated nature, in which we personally partake, is another study that demands regard. Beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes,---in short, every class of being, have their respective histories; and a knowledge of them cannot fail to raise the devout mind to the Almighty Parent of all, as well as to expand and humanize the heart.

It would be easy to enumerate other subjects not undeserving of female attention; but as I wish, as much as possible, to generalize, I shall here conclude my list. It, perhaps, may prove beneficial to several of my readers, besides *Maria Friendless;* and if it is received in the spirit it is communicated, the writer will not lose the wished-for reward.

Before I conclude, I wish to express myself fully and unequivocally on the subject and application of female reading. Every woman should study to acquire knowledge for her own sake, and those of her immediate connexions or intimate friends alone. To display her acquisitions with the conscious pride of superiority, never fails to disgust; and the malice of her sex will be sure to tarnish her character, if they are not able to impeach her learning. Sorry am I to observe, for it is disgraceful to human nature, and to the softer sex in particular, that I never knew a woman who was distinguished for her endowments of body or mind, for suavity of disposition, or amiable-

amiableness of manners, but who fell under the lash of all the ignorant, the censorious, the peevish, the petulant, and the ill-bred. This being unfortunately the case, I would earnestly counsel my young readers to be modest in their deportment, and diffident of their talents. It is easier to excite envy than to conciliate affection; but the latter is worth aspiring to, and it can only be gained by a concealment from the world of those qualities which are the most estimable in themselves, and gain us the highest credit from our intimate friends. The handsome should be cautious of giving herself airs---the well-bred of commenting on the awkwardness of the vulgar---the well-educated of exposing the deficiencies of the ignorant. All our virtues and acquirements receive their worldly value,---not from the high opinion which we ourselves attach to them, but from the light in which they are viewed by those whose opinion we may in reality despise. A man may assume the rank which God and Nature has given him, because, if he does not presume beyond his powers, he may be able to silence opposition, and to maintain his ground; but a woman should be diffident and reserved, and allow others to discover her virtues or her talents, or, at best, keep them for the solace, the gratification, the improvement of her connexions; and trust for their full reward and acknowledgement at a more impartial Tribunal than is established below.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. III.

"Retaliation, however pleasing to an injured mind, is only the base subterfuge of a false or shackled wit."

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

HAVING been favoured with the insertion of some papers read before the Inspection Society, in two recent Numbers of your interesting Miscellany, we now send

you some more for the same purpose. The others having had the fate of meeting a very vehement reply from "A Champion in her Sex's Cause," and a considerable period having elapsed without any remarks from us, this Lady, as one of two passions predominates, may be led to conclude, that we are either unable to defend our tenets, or (what is more alarming to delicate feelings) that we treat her Essay with contempt. But our fair Champion is hereby informed, that the scale of evidence seems to preponderate too greatly in our favour to admit the first, and, from principles of politeness we deny the latter. We will not insult this Lady's feelings, by observing that we think the traits of Genius which her Essay discovers would be displayed more happily on another theme (we will not say in a better cause), or attempt to deny an ingenious authoress the merits of her work; we will only observe, that the paper seems drawn up in the moments of acrimonious frenzy, without a deliberate examination: but, be that as it may, I, in the name of the Society, feel equal pleasure in having fame or detraction attached to my name, if my humble efforts be happy enough to recal one libertine from the labyrinths of a licentious imagination, the pursuit of a bubble, to the enjoyment of real pleasure. Whether I am, in any degree, entitled to this wreath, I presume not to determine; but only request permission to lay before your Fair Readers an extract of a letter from a young Lady to our Society.

"*To the President of the Inspection Society, Stockton.*

"Mr. Touchy,

"ACCEPT the first fruits of gratitude for your kindness and zeal in attempting the reformation and improvement of the more delicate part of creation. Curiosity incited me to peruse the Essay ushered into the world under the novel exterior of 'The Inspector;' but, alas! how were my expectations disappointed,

pointed, when, under that title, I found concealed a dissertation on female weakness!——Vain were my endeavours to repress the swelling impulse of passion: at length I broke silence, and exclaimed——Oh, race of miscreants! ---society of misanthropists!---avaunt, nor dare pollute this sacred ground with your unhallowed feet!---Instantaneously I formed the project of exposing you to the rack of contumelious slander, and the flames of splenetic invective; I wrote; read Juvenal and Churchill; then wrote again, till I had completed an Essay, through every vein of which flowed limpid torrents of abuse.——But, ah!

'When Reason reascends her throne,
'And Frenzy lays her laurel down,
'The Goddess views and spurns the plan,
'She burns the piece to save the man!'

"It was not long before I discovered my danger; for inconclusive arguments are negative advantages. You seem to degrade us; but, alas! not unjustly.——'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen;'---nor have you been wanting to display it with a happy effect; and, with modesty be it spoken, I have corrected my foible. Were I to repeat my soliloquy on this occasion, it would not fail to draw a smile from the most rigid devotee: but I forbear;---delicacy forbids. Perhaps, some may deem me lost to its finer emotions, by addressing *you* on this occasion; but suspend your censure, my fair judges; your interest holds the first place in my most sanguine wishes, and this, to me, is more than fame.

"It is with some concern that I perceive 'A Champion in her Sex's Cause' hath drank with me the insipid streams of mistaken rancour: I feel not for myself alone,---my sympathy extends to our whole race; and I greatly regret that this Lady hath sent her work to press without even giving it her correcting hand. It is alledged that you scrutinize for imperfection, and search after failings;---I would ask, can a medicine agreeable to the palate eradicate the seeds

seeds of disorder?——No!---between it and the disease is a constant and secret antipathy. The ingenious Sterne observes——'The lives of bad men are not without use; and whenever such a one is drawn, not with a corrupt view to be admired, but on purpose to be detested, must excite such a horror against vice, as will strike indirectly the same good impression: and, though it is painful, to the last degree, to paint a man in the shades which his vices have cast upon him; yet, when it serves this end, it carries its own excuse along with it.'---Cinthio's letter, too, is by my fair sister reprehended;——but why?---is it because it forms a correct outline of female practice?——I would to God it were otherwise!---Blessed in a peculiar manner by Fortune's partial hand, and freed from maternal care at an early period of life, I embraced dissipation in full perfection:——

'Pleas'd with those joys the woman world admire,—
'Riches that vex, and vanities that tire!' POPE.

"But chaotic darkness could not for ever chain my soul; Shame, at last, set Reason free, and she regained her liberty. I reflect now on my futile employments, and draw instruction from my own follies:---but where shall we find perfection? Is it not said——'There is none good,---no, not one?'——But

'Reason! if I do err, my crime forgive,
'Angels alone without offending live:
'I go astray but as the wise have done,
'And act a folly which they did not shun!'

POMFRET.

"Did room permit, I might remark upon many parts of my fair sister's critique; but, having been already prolix enough, I only request permission to add, that, with a soul susceptible of the tenderest emotions,

"I remain, your's, &c.

"AMELIA.

"York, July 13, 1800.

"P. S. Shall always be happy in seeing your Papers laid before the public; but observe this maxim——To bend

blend entertainment with instruction, and candour with censure; and if my mite, in the cause of Virtue, be of any service, be assured that you may command it."

Inspection Journal, page 179.

MR. Touchy embraces this opportunity of presenting compliments and thanks to this Lady for the above, which was read before the Society; and the fair Amelia voted into our class an Honorary Correspondent.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IT is the remark of a sensible and judicious Writer, that a virtuous man struggling with adversity, and rising superior to the potency of its shafts, is one of the most sublime images Creation can present: but as Prosperity is allowed to enfeeble the mind, and Power to corrupt and taint it, I am inclined to think the contemplation of a character, over which Greatness has not been able to cast a shade, or Dignity to obscure, no less an object of admiration and delight, than the man who defies the force of misfortune.

Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, and mother to the late unfortunate Queen of France, was one of those amiable and enlightened characters, at which the world gazes with wonder and delight. Pious and benevolent, discerning and humane, she searched into the most minute affairs of the state; and, instead of tacitly allowing either extortion or oppression, was the source from whence the injured sought redress.

"Pleasure," says the Historian* who was resident at her Court, "according to the general acceptation of the

* Wraxall.

term,

term, the Empress cannot be said to enjoy: she rises at a very early hour; and, after spending some time at her private devotions, hears public mass. Parsimonious of her time, she generally dines alone, that the pleasures of conversation may not trespass upon those hours which she conceives ought to be devoted to the cares of the state.—— During the summer months she resides at the Palace of Schonbrun, in the vicinity of Vienna; and, if the weather permits, frequently passes several hours in a covered walk in the garden, to which she can repair from her own apartment. A sentinel, stationed at the entrance, prevents all interruption; and she has a little box buckled round her waist, full of papers, letters, and memorials. She peruses them all; marks such as appear to deserve attention, and enters into the minutest detail upon every point. No Princess was ever more open and gracious in her manners, more easy of access, or more disposed to redress the complaints of her subjects; for certain days are set apart, when the meanest and lowest of them are not only admitted into her presence, but allowed to address her with the greatest confidence; and if they have any thing to communicate of a nature peculiarly private, she even allows them to whisper in her ear. During Lent the Empress practises the most rigid abstinence, for no Carmelite can be more strict in the article of fasting. In the holy week she hears several masses every morning, and passes half the day in exercises of devotion: in short, her piety is carried to such a length, that it is to be feared it may in time degenerate into superstition.

"This amiable weakness, if such it may be called, might possibly have originated from the dejection of her mind; for, separated from the object of her tenderest affections, at the time that they were glowing with the most impressive heat, she naturally sought that consolation from Religion, which she found it impossible to derive from any other source. From the commencement of her widowhood she was scarcely seen to smile, and antiquity does not furnish a model-

model of conjugal affection more perfect than was exhibited by this illustrious queen. Time, though it softened, never obliterated her grief; and, like the elder Agrippina, she used to press to her bosom the urn which contained the ashes of her lord! August, which was the month in which her husband died, always brought with it an increased portion of dejection; and the melancholy aniversary of her sorrows was spent in weeping over his remains.

"This tender proof of unalterable affection, is, perhaps, one of the most striking instances of conjugal attachment that the page of history is able to produce; for though the Empress possesed an ample share both of personal and mental charms, they were insufficient to secure her the Emperor's regard; for though he always treated her with tenderness and respect, she was no stranger to his fondness for the Princess of Aversberg, whose personal attractions were superior to her own.

"I cannot close the sketch of this exalted character without mentioning one more instance of the magnanimity of her conduct, which in itself would be sufficient to establish her fame, and evince the greatness and delicacy of her mind. A love of show, and a fondness for play, was frequently the means of embarrassing the Royal favourite; but the Emperor's munificence upon those occasions soon extricated her from the evil her folly had produced.

"On the evening preceding his dissolution (which was sudden and unexpected) he presented her with an order for twenty thousand pounds; which, as the Emperor was dead when it was presented to the Treasurer, he did not think it prudent immediately to pay, but summoned a private Council, to consult whether it was right to lavish away such an immense sum of the public money. The Empress, being informed of the subject of their debate, issued her commands that the order should be fulfilled; and, superior to every consideration but that of her husband's honour, nobly sanctioned even a rival's claim!

"The

"The Princess of Aversberg, by her subsequent conduct, proved herself unworthy of the Empress's generosity, and the Emperor's love; for when an order was issued from the Court, prohibiting the ladies from wearing rouge upon their condolence with the Queen, *she*, alone, ventured to transgress it, and adorned her cheeks with an unusual share. Though so glaring a contempt of decency and decorum doubtless deserved the severest disgrace, the Empress merely manifested her displeasure by withdrawing the hand the Princess was going to embrace; and, as if tender of an object who had shared her husband's regard, avoided censuring such a mark of public disesteem."

If, as it is said, the actions of the Great become subjects of imitation with the generality of mankind, may we not hope that the contemplation of such a character may be productive of the most beneficial ends? In beholding her as an Empress, the parallel must be confined; but in viewing her as a Wife, it has ample power to extend: and, in an age where the force of conjugal affection is universally allowed to be upon the wane, such a charming instance of tenderness and attachment, I flatter myself, will not be derogatory to your design, which I believe is to enforce every virtuous principle that can adorn and embellish the female sex. I am, Sir,

A sincere Well-wisher to your Undertaking.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

A TREE grows in China which produces pease very little different from those of Europe; and another, bearing white berries of the size of a hazel nut, whose pulp is nothing but a sort of tallow, of which candles are made: there is, likewise, one called the white wax tree, producing white shining wax, of greater value than the common bees-wax. Some of the above have been procured for the Company's gardens in India, and are said to thrive very well.

The

The Caſtle De Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from page 197.]

CHAP. XI.

..... A matchless pair!—
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
Her's the mild lustre of the blooming Morn,
And his the radiance of the setting Day.

THOMSON.

DE LACY did not suffer a long time to elapse before he reminded Matilda of her promise to become his wife: conscious of his worth, she hesitated not to fulfil her engagement. The Countess did not for a moment withhold her consent; and, at the earnest entreaty of the beloved couple, Sir William and Lady Barome stayed to witness the nuptial ceremony; and the enraptured Valtimond received the hand of his bride from Sir William.

All was joy and festivity at the Castle, the departure of Sir William and his Lady being the first interruption to the general felicity, who repaired to his chateau, which being not far distant afforded them means of frequent communication.——Blest with the idol of his affections, time flew swiftly over the head of Valtimond, when an order from Court arrived for him to head the troops under his command at ————. This stroke was as unwelcome as unexpected, and to part from his Matilda he deemed worse than death; yet there was no alternative. In the happy peace which he had lately enjoyed, he had neglected, as was his intention, to resign his command, which now, in the hour of danger, not even the tender love he bore his wife could tempt him to do at the expense of his honour.—Gladly would Matilda have followed him to the camp;

but that her particular situation, and the tender duty she owed to her mother in her declining years, forbade.

Lady De Warrenne was sinking fast into infirmity, and needed all the soothing cares of her daughter to comfort her remaining hours; but, as the period of separation drew nigh, it required all the solace of conscious rectitude to support the keen distress of the moment. All the difficultly acquired fortitude of Matilda failed her, when De Lacy, clad in armour, presented himself before her. Then did all the horrors of war rush upon her distracted mind; her active fancy presented him bleeding---dying---trampled upon by the horses of the enemy in the heat of the contest! ——The picture was too much; and she clung round his knees, entreating not to be separated from him.

Again he tenderly embraced her, and begged of her, for his sake, not to give way to such transports: his accents alone had power to sooth her, and she promised attention to his request. Delighted to find her more reasonable, he once more folded her to his bosom, and, promising to write at every interval, he tore himself away.

The clamorous noise of hostile music raised his drooping spirits; his pulse beat high with heroic ardour; and soon every thought was buried in the dear but dangerous pursuit of glory. A sharp engagement ensued, in which Valtimond had the pleasure to signalize his valour by several acts of intrepid courage:---he returned with his party, triumphant. His first care was to dispatch his aide-de-camp with the joyful intelligence of his safety, and increasing fame, to Warrenne Castle; and he waited the congratulatory answer of his Matilda with all the impatience of the most ardent lover.

Meanwhile, Matilda had become the joyous mother of a sweet little girl, which was baptized by the name of Constantia. The fond mother beguiled the tedious hours of her husband's absence in tracing in its infantile features a resemblance of her beloved Valtimond: the eyes, which were wholly his; the delicate complexion, possessed by

Lady

Lady De Warrenne; and the arch turn of the mouth, which distinguished her own,—were enumerated with rapture.

The arrival of De Lacy's letter gave her sensations of the most exquisite delight; and she trusted that the pleasing intelligence which she had to return would compensate for the toils of an arduous campaign. She presented her infant to the aid-de-camp, and desired him to give his master a faithful picture of its every feature: then, pressing the infant to her bosom, she overwhelmed the welcome messenger with remembrances to her husband.

Her sole consideration now was, the education of her child, to which she entirely devoted herself. She would sometimes mount the battlements, and with a telescope endeavour to distinguish the flying colours of the English troops. One evening, while occupied in this manner, she espied a soldier riding with the utmost speed towards the Castle. Her trembling heart beat strong with the hope of its being De Lacy, and she eagerly descended with the child in her arms. She had scarcely gained her apartment when her husband's aid-de-camp appeared.

——" Speak—speak!" she cried:——" what means this extreme haste?"

" Prepare yourself, Madam," said Osmond, " for alarming intelligence! My master is——."

——" I know!——I know!" screamed Matilda——" he is dead!"

" No—no——Madam; not so bad. But I am sorry to say he is dangerously wounded."

This unhoped for reprieve was comfort to the agitated mind of Matilda, and mitigated the pain which she would otherwise have felt at the bare idea of his being wounded.

——" Oh! take me to him," she exclaimed——" I will fly this instant——My presence will, I know, give him satisfaction."

" I fear you will not be able to bear the fatigue, Madam, of so long a journey," said Osmond. " My master

is well attended, and will, in all probability, be recovered, with care."

"Talk not of fatigue," replied Matilda, not attending to the latter part of his address:——"is not De Lacy in danger!——and shall any consideration prompt me to neglect him? No!——were the troubles tenfold, I would fly to my husband!"

Constantia climbed her knee, and, looking piteously in her face, said——"What, leave me, Mamma!"

Matilda pressed her with a despairing look to her breast:——"Sweet girl, I must leave you; but I shall soon return, and bring your father to you."

Matilda then threw her arms round the Countess's neck——"For you, my mother, I know what must be your feelings, from the conflict I sustain in leaving you and that sweet babe; but I know that, under your protection, she will be safe and happy. I well know, that no selfish consideration will make you judge hastily of my conduct."

Lady De Warrenne, worn down with age and sorrow, could ill support so severe a shock as the deprivation of her only comfort; but she struggled with her feelings, and endeavoured to appear tranquil. The youthful and tender herald, Osmond, was melted to tears at the tender scene that took place.

The horses were by this time ready, and Matilda, again recommending her child to the care of the Countess, took a hasty kiss, and ran from the gate, not daring to trust herself with a future view of objects so dear. Osmond, with agitations scarcely inferior to her own, assisted her to mount, and they were presently out of sight. Matilda was roused from her meditations by the strange behaviour of Osmond, who, often fixing his eyes upon her, would heave a profound sigh, and then relapse into his wonted insensibility. The continual repetition of this could not but excite the curiosity of Matilda, and she regarded him with a look of surprise. At this the cheek of Osmond glowed with scarlet; and, to avert her piercing eye, he would

would point out the various objects by which they passed on the road; then again sink into a profound reverie.—— Rather alarmed at this inconsistent behaviour, Matilda began to entertain suspicions not much to the advantage of her companion, mixed with vague apprehensions for her own personal safety. Her alarm was quickly banished, when, with joy almost amounting to frenzy, she saw the tent of De Lacy, which Osmond pointed out to her at a short distance. She quickened her pace, and, not attending to Osmond, who attempted to assist her, she sprung from her horse, and sunk almost lifeless on the couch of her husband.

Osmond passed his hand across his eyes while De Lacy rapturously folded Matilda in his feeble arms; and, no longer able to hide his feelings, rushed out of the tent.—Matilda's eyes pursued him; then turned them with an expressive look on her husband.

——"I understand you, my love," said Valtimond:—— "you pity our poor Osmond. Unhappy youth! I fear some misfortune lies heavy at his heart. He is a faithful and affectionate lad; but I have reason to suspect that the severity of his misfortunes is the cause of his eccentric conduct. I have a great regard for him; but there is a shyness in his manner that I can in no way account for."

Time flew swiftly while discoursing of their Constantia; and the mind of De Lacy was so much eased since his interview with Matilda, that his wound gave him but little inconvenience, and a short time restored him to perfect health. Ever anxious for her welfare, Valtimond hinted, that, dear as her society was to him, her return to Warrenne Castle was indispensably necessary, after so long an absence: she sighed compliance, and, the next day, took an affecting leave of her husband.

Attended by the still dejected Osmond in her melancholy journey, to beguile the tediousness of the way, she drew her companion into conversation, and endeavoured, with the most cheering expressions, to dispel the gloom that yet

clouded his brow. The sound of approaching horses interrupted their discourse; and, casting a timid glance around, Matilda perceived at a small distance a party of soldiers, who were advancing towards them. Though unconscious to what she could attribute her terror, she made an involuntary start: the reins dropped from her hands; and the horse finding himself without a curb, and being a mettlesome animal, he set off with a most alarming speed. Providently a young soldier sprung forward, and arrived soon enough to snatch Matilda from the horse before she had sustained any material injury, and supported her almost lifeless to a bank. By this time the rest of the party were come up, and surrounded them.

Osmond, anxious for the safety of his lady, made his way through them; but no sooner beheld the youth by whom she was supported, than, after a loud shriek, he sunk senseless at their feet. The soldiers crowded about him, and, opening his coat to give him air, discovered, to their very great astonishment, that it was a woman.—— Matilda, roused from her temporary fright by the manifest surprize on all sides, now beheld the youth who had caused all the alarm bending over the unfortunate girl with evident emotions of tenderness. Unclosing her eyes, she fixed them on him with a look of supplication, and, grasping his hand, cried——

"Forgive me, Albert!"

"Dearest Olivia!" replied Albert, "why distress yourself thus?"

He then added something in a low voice, which recalled the colour to her cheeks; and, bowing respectfully to Matilda, with an apology for the trouble he had so unintentionally been the occasion of, was about to depart. Matilda called him back.

——"Stay, Sir:——permit me to observe, that, as this lady has accidentally disclosed the secret of her sex, she cannot with propriety continue any longer in the character she has assumed. If, therefore, it is agreeable to yourselves,

selves, she is welcome to a secure asylum at Warrenne Castle, until she can be removed to her advantage."

Albert started, and for a time appeared too much embarrassed to reply: then, bowing, said——

"Lady De Warrenne, I presume?"

Matilda explained to him his mistake; and again demanded of Olivia, if she was willing to accompany her home.

She cast her eyes timidly towards Albert; his spoke approbation; and, with many expressions of gratitude, Olivia accepted the generous offer. Matilda then dispatched one of the inferior soldiers to De Lacy with an account of the adventure; and, taking a polite leave of Albert, they (being but a short distance from the Castle) continued their way without an escort, and arrived there without having exchanged a word.

CHAP. XII.

But let a Maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way! GOLDSMITH.

ENFOLDED in the arms of her tender mother, and pressing with maternal delight her lovely Constantia, the spouse of De Lacy once more experienced sensations of the most exquisite nature. Nor was Olivia an uninterested spectator: the beauty of Constantia instantly won her affection, and she forgot her sorrows in the participation of the joy which she beheld her newly acquired friends experience.

Mutual endearments being subsided, Olivia, at the desire of Matilda, repaired to her wardrobe, and habited herself in a dress more suitable to her sex. If her personal attractions while disguised as Osmond claimed admiration, how greatly were they increased when she appeared in all her native loveliness! The perplexity of the late events had entirely banished the roses from her cheeks, and left in

in their stead a delicate languor that was extremely interesting: her complexion was so clear, that the fine blue veins shone through, and gave it the appearance of beautiful marble; her eyes, a dark full blue, were shaded by long silken lashes, and, being cast with timid apprehension upon the ground, gave to her face the contour of a Modena; her hair, of a colour resembling gold, she had carefully braided, and tied together; and all her features were moulded with the strictest symmetry. Addressing herself with a modest deportment to Matilda, she said—

"Strange, Madam, as my appearance in my late disguise must appear to you, I trust that I shall be able to give you such a satisfactory account of the distressing circumstances which caused me to adopt it, as will remove from your mind any suspicions (if such have arisen) to my disadvantage. My story," added she, wiping her eyes, "is short, but replete with misfortunes: shall I encroach on your time by relating it?"

Matilda took her hand tenderly. "My dear girl," said she, "wrong not yourself or me so much, as to suppose me capable of entertaining a doubt of your honour!—To satisfy the anxiety which I perceive you are under to clear your character from reproach, I will hear your recital; although, I assure you, it is far from my wish to gratify my own curiosity at the expense of a moment's pain to you."

Olivia bowed gracefully, and commenced her tale.

"My father, Madam, was one of the unfortunate Barons whose estates were confiscated for rebelling against King John. Two daughters and one son were the only fruits of his union with a most amiable woman, who resigned a life sincerely lamented by all who knew her in giving birth to the ill-fated Olivia. Whether it was from that unlucky circumstance, which strongly affected my father, I know not; but he now regards me with abhorrence. My sister, always gratified in every wish of her heart, fearful of losing that ascendancy which she possessed

ed over my father, failed not to make use of the most unfair means to confirm herself in his good opinion, by taking every opportunity of injuring me. My dear deluded father, imagining his Victoria faultless, listened with avidity to the insidious tales which she fabricated for my destruction. My brother, the amiable Antonio, made ample amends to me for the injustice of my father and sister, by his affectionate treatment of me. We had, since the derangement of our affairs, resided in a small but neat mansion in Champignon: the retired life we led better suited the melancholy of my mind than the gay scenes of a court; but I was repeatedly mortified by the insults of my unfeeling sister.

"My dear Antonio went out on an adventurous voyage, and Victoria, vexed at being, by this unexpected misfortune, deprived of opportunities of making herself equal to the ambitious expectations she had formed, indulged her spleen and resentment in full scope upon me. My company being now detestable, and wishing to avoid persecution, I frequently left my home, and wandered among the rocks which bordered the sea, and indulged my unhappy reflections undisturbed. In one of these excursions I heard footsteps near me, and presently beheld a young man making his way with haste through the bushes. He held a handkerchief up to his head, in which was a wound that bled profusely. I screamed with terror, and vainly strove to fly: suspense and fear carried me to the spot.—He apologized, and with a tremulous voice asked pardon for the pain he had given me, and supplicated me, in the most moving accents, to direct him to some place where he might obtain the necessary assistance, as he found himself very faint from fatigue and loss of blood.

"Wholly actuated by sentiments of humanity, I tendered him my arm, and entreated him to exert his strength to reach our residence, where I assured him that he should receive every attention which his case required: my heart sunk with prophetical foreboding as I presented him to my father,

father, who, nevertheless, received him graciously.——In answer to the officious enquiries of Victoria, he told us, that he was on his way to the English army, when some sudden fright which his horse took had caused him to be thrown, and the animal had galloped away, by which means he received the wound in his temple. He excused himself from giving any account of his family, but said that his name was Albert. You, Madam, have seen him, and will not, perhaps, wonder if the sentiments he inspired in a mind, young and uninformed, were too powerful to disguise effectually the impression which he made on my heart. I behaved to him with the familiar affection of a sister. I soon found, with pain, that Victoria was no less susceptible of his attention, and took every opportunity of promoting my absence, that she might be herself with our invalid, who was confined to his bed. As she was considered handsomer than myself, my poor heart fluttered with dread of the power of her superior attractions, but had the happiness to perceive that he received my sorrows with more pleasure than he did those of Victoria.

" One day I found my father and sister in earnest conference, and the eyes of Victoria glanced with exultation as I entered. My father called me to him with a voice unusually kind:——'Livy,' said he, 'you must prepare for a supper:---I have just reason to believe that Victoria will soon be married.'

" I assured him of my sincere wishes for her felicity, and he continued:——

'To be sure, she has fixed her mind upon one not altogether so eligible as I could have wished; but, as we are situated at present, she cannot expect any very splendid establishment: so I think to indulge her in her newly adopted plan of love in a cottage; and have no doubt but Albert will make a good husband.'

" I could hear no more, but, sinking on my knees, exclaimed——Now I am, indeed, wretched!

" I know

" I know not what more passed; but, when I recovered from my swoon, found myself alone with Victoria, who vented her rage upon me in the most opprobrious terms language could invent, or the tongue of a woman give utterance to.

' False! perfidious Syren!' cried she, almost choaking with passion——' Have *you* dared to supplant me in the heart of the only man I ever loved? Is it for you, wretch, that I am so insultingly refused, and by an ingrate who has been cherished under our roof?——But he is gone, thank Heaven!!---the viper has left no sting except in thy perfidious bosom!'

" Ah! a sting, indeed, was left there!——From her unguarded expressions I learned that my poor misguided father had offered Victoria to Albert; and, upon his rejecting the proffered favour, he had been shamefully expelled the house. The foolish Victoria had, by upbraiding him with returning my affections, exposed my unhappy prepossession.

" Overwhelmed with grief, shame, and disappointment, I replied only with my tears to the insulting and opprobrious taunts of my inhuman sister. Worn out by repeated ill usage, I determined to bear it no longer. For a trifle, I procured a disguise, and by fatiguing journies reached the camp. Ever glad, in such times, to get assistance, I was received without hesitation or suspicion, and shortly, by my docility, obtained the post of aid-de-camp to Sir Valtimond De Lacy. But the principal object of my enterprise was still unattained; for never, till this day, could I obtain sight or intelligence of Albert; and, now, Heaven knows with what ideas of me he may be impressed!—— His last words, however, sunk deep into my heart, and will never be erased.——

' Olivia,' said he, in a whisper, ' renounce that garb, which is but ill adapted to the delicacy and modesty of your sex. When we next meet, different ideas will, I hope, have found place in your mind. As a friend and brother, command

mand me; my situation, at present, precludes all other expectations.——Farewell!---Heaven protect you!'

"This was sufficient to quell my presumptuous hopes, and my future endeavours shall be exerted to banish his image from my heart."

Olivia concluded, and Matilda promised that she should be with her as long as she chose to consider her as a friend: Olivia gratefully returned her acknowledgements for this unexampled benevolence.

CHAP. XIII.

Life is a sea where storms must rise;
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies.

COTTON'S *Visions.*

THE fair inhabitants of the Castle now enjoyed a state of uninterrupted happiness, visited sometimes by De Lacy, who beheld the rising beauties of his daughter with admiration; or, in his absence, beguiling the tedious hours with his praises. Gratitude inspired the tongue of Olivia; love, that of Matilda; and the contest of applause was maintained with spirit on each side.

Constantia now attained her fourteenth year; amiable and accomplished, the darling of every eye, especially that of Olivia, who, being but nineteen, found her little charge become a pleasing companion. The commanding dignity of her father was, in Constantia's person, united with the fascinating sweetness of Matilda; and, under the instructing hand of that excellent mother, she was not merely taught the external embellishments of fashion, but she had taken care to implant in her youthful heart, both by precept and example, a love of virtue. Naturally endowed with a good understanding, she easily retained these precepts, and early imbibed a sense of moral rectitude, seldom to be found in a mind so ductile: but her passion wanted moderation; she loved with enthusiasm; and, had there been any objects for her hatred, she must have experienced an equal

equal extreme. This was a fault that Matilda saw, and trusted to time and experience for correction, carefully exercising her in practices of self-denial and fortitude under temporary mortifications.

Olivia would sometimes, both for their mutual health and pleasure, take Constantia out on a ramble round the adjacent country, while Matilda stayed to amuse the Countess, whose declining state of health increased daily. On one of these occasions, Matilda, being occupied in writing to De Lacy, heeded not the passing time; and, when she had finished the letter, was astonished at the absence of her daughter. She hastily ran to her mother's apartment to seek them, and found, to her infinite consternation, that they were not returned. With increasing alarm, she counted the minutes as they passed. Night advanced rapidly, and darkness stole over the face of the country.—No longer able to bear the mortification of suspense, Matilda quitted the Castle, and wandered up and down unattended; and then to the river side, which she knew to be their favourite ramble; but no trace of footsteps were upon the sand. She called, alternately, upon the names of Constantia and Olivia, with a voice of anguish; but no answer was returned to her continued exclamations. A heavy shower of rain occasioned her return, thinking that they might probably have returned by a different path; and the agony of her distress was increased, when she found they were not there. The Castle soon became a scene of confusion: the vassals were all summoned, and dispatched different ways in search of the wanderers. Various conjectures assailed the unhappy mother——

"Could Olivia be false-----perfidious!——could she have conveyed her child away!——ah! no!----Some fatal accident must have happened, and Olivia dared not return to relate the direful tale!"

Thus was Matilda's bosom rent with conflicting pangs. A courier was sent to De Lacy, demanding his presence. He obtained leave of absence, and arrived but to augment the

general distress. His beloved wife, in strong hysterics, was the first object presented to his eyes; and soon the dreadful intelligence of his loss threw him into a state little better than that of his afflicted wife.

——" Matilda!-----my life!" cried he, clasping her with agony in his arms-----" distress not yourself thus----- doubt not the inscrutable ways of Providence----exert your accustomed resignation to the Divine Will; and for my sake struggle with our common misfortune: our child may yet be restored to us."

Matilda's features relapsed into a smile of anguish and despair; yet she listened to his persuasions, and strove to shew her love and respect for him by her compliance. He was obliged to return to his duty; and heart-rending as this separation was, it was inevitable.

The soothing company of Sir William and Lady Barome, in time, mitigated the poignancy of her grief, and compensated in some measure for the absence of De Lacy. —Their meeting was pathetic under such a similarity of distress; and the sight of Matilda, under her present misfortune, opened those views which the effects of religion had scarcely closed in the mind of Lady Barome.

The Countess, too, unable to bear any excesses, sunk into a state of apathy; and, deeply lamented by her survivors, soon descended to the peaceful grave.

The feelings of Matilda upon this fresh cause of grief are not to be described. Her health visibly declined, and she yielded herself up to the most corroding melancholy, shunning the society even of her dearest friends. She was rouzed from this lethargy of woe by the joyful tidings of an honourable peace being concluded between the hostile nations, and De Lacy returned, crowned with triumphant laurels, to the arms of his drooping wife. For his services he was promoted to the rank of Major-general; and cast a smile of satisfaction on the features of his wife while recounting to her his success. Her deep gloom was succeeded by a tender regret, the indulgence of which no one sought

to

to debar her; and as her health gradually returned, the gratification of her husband's society daily promoted her peace.

CHAP. XIV.

Thought teaches one to feel a friend's lost worth:
When we have friends we trust them with our griefs;
Our care lies lighten'd, and the mind sleeps calm.

SAVAGE.

TO return to our fugitives.——Wandering with Constantia on the banks of the river, Olivia gave way to a train of meditations, and was so far absorbed as to be regardless of the distance, till Constantia assured her that they had quitted the track. Turning to regain the right path, they heard voices among the trees, and presently were surrounded by a party of fiend-looking men, who, seizing, bound the trembling victims upon mules, and carried them off, notwithstanding they rent the air with their cries. The ruffians silenced them by savage menaces, and, compelled to obedience, they continued their journey.

At length, one of the men alighted at the entrance of a thick forest, and, after binding their eyes, Constantia found herself carried in the arms of a man a considerable time, when, placed on the ground, the bandage was removed, and she vainly endeavoured to distinguish the surrounding objects.——All was dark and dreary.

Reduced to a sense of the horrors of her situation, she groped for the door, but soon found, by the coldness and moisture of the incased walls, that she was immured in a noxious dungeon. Her watch, with several other valuable trinkets which she had about her, was gone, and her hair, [illegible] fastened up by pearl pins, now hung unconfined over her shoulders.

Alone and appalled, she th[illegible] earth, and wasted her strength in unavailing the damp tears. She called upon---her loved mother---her dear Olivia!

Olivia!---till a harsh, grating noise, and the clank as of a heavy chain falling round her, a man of ferocious aspect entered her prison, with a pitcher of water in one hand, a lamp, and some bread, in the other: he set them on the ground, and was retiring. Constantia caught his coat:——

"Stop---for Heaven's sake!" cried she, in a voice that might have subdued any breast endued with common humanity.——"Inform me, I conjure you, why I am detained here?---Where is my Olivia?——Restore me to my friends!"——He grinned maliciously.

"That," rejoined the wretch, "I cannot do: "it would be fine fun to waste so much time in catching you, to let you go again for nothing;---but, I can tell you, it is in your own power to be much better off. Our Captain is a noble fellow; but t'other Madam gives herself such airs, there's no bearing it."

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Constantia, "she is safe!—— Stop, stop, my dear friend;---I will give you all the money I have, if you will but let me have a sight of my Olivia!" ——Then, feeling in her pockets, she cried——"Oh, God! ---all my money is gone!"

"Do not cry, my pretty dear," said he, with a sneer: "Don Roderique will give you more, if you will but be civil."——Then, locking the gate, without attending to her remonstrances, he again left her to herself.

All the horrors of her fate now darted upon her recollection with redoubled keenness, and she was almost overcome with the bitterness of anguish. A faint light now broke through the high grated window of her dungeon, which she soon, by its increasing strength, discovered to be the break of day. This cheering sight imparted a ray of comfort to her almost broken heart, and she [illegible] with some tranquility, the [illegible] allotted her.

Inspired with fresh [illegible] vigour, she arose from her damp [illegible] the further end of the cave, a narrow vaulted passage, she determined to explore its recesses.

Unversed

Unversed in modern romance, she thought not of what she might encounter, and hoped that it would lead to some outlet through which she might escape: she proceeded in her venture with spirit, the hope of emancipation overcoming every other consideration. The passage was dark and perplexed, with many turnings, while the excessive swampness of the ground caused her feet to sink in to such a depth, that she with difficulty extricated them.

At length the cavern opened into a spacious area, which was branched off in several passages; at the end of one of them she could just distinguish the spires of a gate. She advanced to it with intrepidity, and shook it with all her might, in hopes to make it yield. All her efforts, though exerted by despair, were ineffectual, and she was about to return, discouraged, to her dismal cave; when a deep groan, not many paces from her, arrested her trembling steps, and she stood motionless with affright, not daring to breathe, lest some one should seize her. She continued fixed, when again the groan was repeated.

Summoning all her courage, she raised her voice with emphasis, and said——"If any one is, like me, a wretched captive in this dismal place, in pity, speak, and by participation lighten the horrors of captivity!"

Again she listened:---a loud shrill scream made the vaulted roofs resound, and in a moment appeared at the gate---Olivia!!——What a meeting!——Constantia thrust her hands through the bars with eagerness to embrace her friend, rendered divinely dear by their mutual misfortunes.

"Ah!" cried she, "is there no means of communication with you!——Hated bars, that separate me from my friend!"

"Constantia, my love," said Olivia, in a faint voice, "cease these transports. Too soon, I fear, we shall be discovered. Return to your dungeon: you will soon be visited by our detested gaoler, from whom you will learn

your fate; then return hither, and we will bewail our misfortunes."

Constantia kissed the hand extended through the grate, and, almost blinded by her tears, returned to her solitary cell. Scarcely had she thrown her limbs, which were, from the violent damps, already afflicted with excruciating pain, upon the earth, ere her dungeon was opened, and her gaoler appeared, followed by a man of majestic figure and commanding aspect, in whom she traced prominent features, displaying pride, cruelty, and cunning. Smoothing the sternness of his brow, he advanced to Constantia, and seizing her hand, which, with looks of horror, she attempted forcibly to withdraw, said——

"Can you, Madam, pardon the severity with which you have, unknown to me, been treated?——I much fear that the rigour of your confinement has taught you to behold with aversion the unfortunate Roderique."

Constantia replied only with a look of ineffable disdain.

"Speak, charming girl," he continued, in an impressive tone.—"What is your pleasure, and you shall instantly be obeyed?—All here are your devoted slaves."

Constantia looked round with an air of sullen dignity, as if to say—Who is the slave?——He resumed:——

"No longer shall this miserable spot conceal so much beauty. Suffer me to conduct you to an apartment more suitable to you."

She repulsed his proffered hand with a look of undissembled detestation. His features instantly wore a look of surprise and mortification, which was speedily changed to rage, when, sinking on her knees, she cried——"Sooner may the earth open and swallow me!"

"'Tis well, Madam," replied he, smoothing his anger: "a time may come when you will seek for my present despised offers of service with alacrity. When hunger and distress have subdued the pride of the haughty beauty, she will kneel and weep to the disdained Roderique, who will then

then triumph over the vanquished fair.——Farewell, Madam," continued he, tauntingly: "be virtue and repentance your banquet."

As soon as she heard the heavy chain replaced, she flew to the prison of Olivia: as she approached the grating, she heard voices in loud altercation, and, fearful of discovery, paused ere she proceeded farther. She instantly recollected the accents of Roderique, who exclaimed, with much violence------

"By Heaven, Madam, I will not be trifled with. I will not bear this scorn: either submit to my will, or both shall suffer under my glorious vengeance!"

The voice of her friend, in supplication, she next heard; and the sound of doors closing convinced her that all was safe. She ventured again to go forward, and, reaching the gate, she softly called——"Olivia." She instantly appeared, and Constantia related to her what had passed between herself and Roderique.

"Ah! my dear girl," replied Olivia, "I know it well. ——What a fate are we reserved for! We are now in the hands of that barbarous marauder, who, for his depredations, is the terror of the whole country. Death and dishonour, perhaps, both await us, whichever way we turn! ——My own fate I care little for: my life is already too miserable to desire a prolongation of it; and were I sure that, by a compliance with his detested wishes, I could ensure the safety of my Constantia, I should have but little care; but I too well know that we both are reserved for one horrid purpose."

"Sooner would I die," cried Constantia, "than submit to such an outrage! Ah! Olivia, had we but the means, you should see what I would dare to do to preserve myself from violation!"

"Nobly spoken," cried Olivia: "the resolution is worthy my dear friend; and, surely Heaven favours our intentions, and will, under such circumstances, pardon an act otherwise impious."

Saying

Saying this, she stooped to the ground, and picked up a dagger.

"See!" cried she, "Providence has sent us this for the defence of our virtue: let us not hesitate to put it to the use, doubtless, designed by our invisible guardians to preserve us from disgrace."

Constantia hid her face with her robe.——

"Dreadful means!" said she, her voice broken by extreme perturbation.

"Are you, then, afraid?" demanded Olivia with incoherent vehemence.——"Then Constantia refuses to share the fate of her friend!"

"Ah!——no!" screamed the affrighted girl, grasping the hand upraised to give the fatal blow.——"Death has no terrors for me; but, surely, my friend, to rush----unprepared----presumptuously!"----

Olivia paused.------"True!" cried she, recollecting herself; "I had forgot!" Then, putting her hand through the gate, said-----"Farewell, my friend!——may we meet in happier regions. Fear not to follow my example------I die an enviable death-----Entail not upon your family a disgraceful stain, by a life of infamy!——Remember me!"---

She was prevented from proceeding by a dreadful tumult. The earth seemed to tremble; loud out-cries and noises were heard above them; and a crush, as of the whole foundation giving way, resounded through the cavern.

------"Oh, haste!" cried Olivia, with frantic terror---"Let us secure ourselves beyond the reach of the vengeance of the wretch's assistants: this is but some scheme to decoy us from our cells. Now, my beloved friend, a last farewell!"

Saying this, she raised her eyes to Heaven with a look of fortitude; and, heedless of the tremendous scream that Constantia uttered, plunged the weapon in her breast, and fell, weltering in blood, upon the ground.

Agonized

Agonized at this scene, Constantia struck her head against the bars which separated her from the lifeless body of Olivia; calling in vain on her name, and making the dungeon ring with her cries.

Meanwhile, the noise continued with increasing violence: the alarm bell was furiously sounded from above, and all seemed in confusion. Unable to hold out any longer against the dread which seized her, Constantia sunk on her knees, imploring the Almighty for protection.——The beloved form of her parent darted across her fleeting senses ——mists glided before her eyes——and her whole soul sickened with terror. Approaching footsteps assailed her ears, and the gates of the prison were forced open. Seeming conscious of the action, she raised the weapon, yet reeking with the blood of her friend, and was about to plunge it in her own breast, when a party of men entered, bearing lights. Their leader instantly darted forward, and, snatching the dagger from her, cried——

"Fear not, Madam:——we are your deliverers."

Constantia could only exclaim——"Heaven be praised! ——Oh, save my Olivia!" pointing to where she lay, and fainted in his arms.

(To be continued.)

HENLEY. A TALE.

[Concluded from p. 172.]

"MY name is Ellison; I was the younger son of an opulent and respectable family; I say *was*, for I am now an alien from family, fortune, and home. At College I contracted an intimacy with Sir Charles Nelson, which [illegible] grew into what you enthusiasts call friendship; in short, we were inseparable companions. During one of our vacations, chance threw in my way the lovely, fascinating Louisa. Her personal attractions riveted my admiration, and her sweetness of disposition captivated my heart:

heart: I introduced my friend to her, and he was no less enchanted than myself.

"Louisa resided with an old maiden aunt, of whom she was, however, independent, possessing a small income which had been left by her father, who had made money by trade. Such a match would have been far from eligible, had Louisa been inclined to favour my wishes; but, without paying either particular attention, she treated each with such friendly politeness, as made it long dubious to which she gave the preference. Accustomed to admiration from her infancy, she expected to find lovers in all who beheld her; and the fondness of her aunt rather encouraged this weak vanity than repressed it. Yet Louisa was unaffected, modest, and well educated; I beheld no failings, for there were virtues which eminently counterbalanced them.

"Fearing to injure my friend, I candidly explained my sentiments to him, and solicited reciprocal confidence. He told me that he thought it but a boyish propensity, which would soon wear off; that, for his own part, he admired the girl's person, but would never bestow a thought upon one whom his family would to a certainty disapprove; and that he thought equal prudence would become me.

"Satisfied that I had nothing to fear upon his account, I gave way to the impulse of my heart, laughed at Nelson's gallantry to Louisa, and declared myself her lover. She grew reserved, and, when I entreated her decision, expressed for me the most lively esteem, yet declared it was unmixed with any sensation that she could attribute to a warmer sentiment.——My soul was chilled; it was my first disappointment, and I felt it severely. Still I haunted the house, and her aunt, who grew infirm, favoured my suit:—still Nelson was a welcome visitor. I remonstrated with Louisa upon encouraging his visits. She replied, with a reproving smile——

'Sir

'Sir Charles has never expressed for me any particular attachment, nor can I, by affected delicacy, demand such an avowal. He visits here as a friend of your's; and, you know, we all esteem you too much to deny him the small privilege which you have procured him. My aunt is fond of company, and I hope you would not associate with one less worthy than yourself.'

"To have said any thing against a man whom I had ever considered as my friend, would, at that moment, have appeared like envy and jealousy; I, therefore, swallowed the gall that rose in me, and once more offered her my hand.

'Had I no other motive for refusing you, Ellison,' she replied, 'it would be sufficient——the idea of involving you in family displeasure.---I am too proud to be considered as an interloper.'

"She stopped, her voice faltered, and I could not but attribute her emotions to regard for myself. I tried, ineffectually, to overcome her scruples, and our conference ended in her positive rejection of my suit. I flattered myself that absence would effect some change in her mind, and returned in a melancholy mood to College: Nelson had completed his studies, and remained in London. I envied his insensibility and gaiety of heart, and parted from him with sincere professions of regard. We corresponded regularly, and the continual subject of our letters was---Louisa.

"At length an account reached me of her aunt's death. I flew to London;---my friend was on the point of departing from England to commence his travels; and Louisa was in the deepest affliction. I soothed her sorrows by the most tender and delicate attentions: she seemed touched by my affection, and hurt at her own apparent want of gratitude.

"Her situation was particularly embarrassing, and my assiduity unremitting, to induce her to give me a lawful privilege to protect her. The grief she felt for her aunt

was

was excessive, and the agony of her mind brought on a strong fever. In my mind, I secretly attributed her distress to partiality for Nelson; yet his absence afforded me strong hopes of success: I was not to be kept from her during her illness, and the fever proved infectious. I returned home, was put to bed, and for some time continued dangerously ill: my father, with all the tenderness of paternal regard, hung over me, and my lips incessantly pronounced the name of Louisa. Particulars were soon investigated, and, without my knowledge, my father waited on her, beheld her with admiration, and, after assuring her of his favour, even condescended to solicit her to become his daughter. Overpowered by importunity, depressed by sorrow, and actuated by circumstances of which I was ignorant, she consented, and my return to health was crowned by the completion of all my wishes."

The dinner being just then served, the conversation was for a while stopped. Henley had found the key to his companion's heart, and Ellison was disposed to be communicative; yet he sighed frequently, and at length warmly interested Henley. As soon as they were reseated in the coach, Henley entreated him to pursue his story.——

"Let me pass over the first two months of our union," said Ellison: "it was happiness on my side, unmixed with doubt or fear; but Louisa grew pensive, abstracted, and reserved. I tried every blandishment to win her love, but her timid soul shrunk from my caresses, and I vainly sought to know the cause. Nelson wrote me word of his intended return, on account of his father's death, by which he became independent, and was then, also, out of his minority. I had neglected to inform him of my marriage. Love had superseded friendship, and I now anticipated the surprize and pleasure it would afford him, while I cherished the hope of pouring forth in his bosom every little anxious care, and deriving from his friendly attention consolation and support. A few months had effected a strange alteration in him:---he returned, the gay, indifferent man

of

of fashion, shook me coldly by the hand, saluted my wife, who shrunk back, tearful and pallid, into my supporting arms, and affected to rally me for my mysterious silence. I feared that my reserve had lost me his confidence, and made a number of excuses, half of which, though sincere, he paid no attention to.——Louisa retired early, and he seemed to view her with looks more particularly expressive than pleased me. The bottle circulated——

'And so, Ellison,---you are happy!---very happy!'

"Perfectly so!" replied I; yet it was not with a determined voice; "and I hope the declaration gives you pleasure."

'Much!' "was his laconic reply; and he soon after departed.

"I went to Louisa's apartment:---she was in tears. I seated myself by her, and, to divert her attention, expressed my sorrow for the alteration which I perceived in the manners of my friend. She slipped from my encircling arm, and, falling on her knees before me, exclaimed——

'Ellison,---your generous conduct, your unsuspicious goodness, cuts me to the soul!——I have long laboured with a dreadful secret: it must be revealed! I can no longer wrong your confidence.——Kill me!---drive me from you as a detestable wretch!---for in the moment when you possess my whole soul, and its tenderest, truest affections, I must reveal the deception that has been practised upon you.——Nelson!——'

"What of him?" cried I, trembling.

'Oh! spare me the shameful confession!' said she, hiding her pale face in her robe.——'I was an abandoned wretch to deceive you!'

"All!---all!" I exclaimed.

"Prostrate as she was, I spurned her with my foot, and left the house in a frenzy of rage. I found Nelson:---every sentiment of regard was erased. We fought; I fell; and rumour was rapid in declaring the cause of our rencounter. I was conveyed home in a dangerous state.——

Louisa hung over me; bathed my wounds with her tears; and humbled herself to the very dust. I pitied her distress, but despised the meanness of her humiliation.——Alas! still I knew her not:---she was born to deceive me! Reflection presented to my view the error of my own conduct: through a weak infatuation, I persisted in soliciting the hand of a woman who always denied having any affection for me. I remembered the particular circumstances of our marriage, and could not but acquit Louisa of any premeditated design to deceive me.

"Nelson, apprehensive of the consequences, had concealed himself so effectually, that my efforts were fruitless to discover his retreat. Yet defamation was busy with the name of my once adored Louisa. My parents, acquainted with the truth, were strenuous for my separation, and refused to acknowledge her as a member of the family. Her spirit was as great---more justly so than their's: she waited but to see me past all danger, and voluntarily quitted my house,---never more to return!---A letter, which I have about me, will but explain her sentiments, and will enable you to judge of my feelings."

He drew it from his pocket, and, with a faltering accent, requested Mr. Henley to read it to him.

'FROM the woman who has so grossly injured you, you will, perhaps, refuse to receive the shadow of atonement as a just punishment for her offences: under this apprehension, my pen is restrained, by a sense of equal injury, from expressing those tender sentiments I have lately felt for you, and which nothing but the most romantic and childish infatuation could have averted. From the moment I first beheld you, my heart reverenced your virtues; they seemed to me those of a superior being: every tongue praised you, though so young. Yet I alone could not love you, for my mind was too uninformed to be susceptible of that noble passion. The person of Nelson was captivating, his title

dazzling

dazzling, and his attentions less refined than your's: you were serious, moral, and cautious; he, gay, airy, and agreeable. The eagerness of your heart, perhaps, threw an awkwardness over your manner that obscured your perfections; and my weak fancy made me feel a preference which my judgment could not but condemn. I owned my affection, yet feared to be thought ambitious or mercenary; and Nelson was, unknown to you, too much a man of the world to neglect any opportunity of improving the advantage he had obtained. I saw that he was deceiving you, and your presence gave me pain: you left us, through mistaken generosity, to prove my disinterestedness. ——Fatal proof!---I sacrificed every thing to him, secure, as I thought, of his affections: solemnly affianced to him by the tenderest vows, I but added one more to the number of *self-deceived* victims! But, ah! how dreadful was the blow that awaited me, when he dropped the mask, and prepared to quit England without realizing those expectations which I had so vainly formed! My poor aunt, heart-broken, sunk under the shock of my disgrace: you returned, and Nelson painted your passion in the strongest colours, and advised me, as we could never be united, to confer happiness upon you by complying with your wishes, alledging that your ignorance would insure your felicity.

'I shuddered at the bare proposal, and from that moment shook him from my heart. I found that love could not be permanent without esteem, and more than ever lamented the error that had made me unworthy of you. You know what followed: dare I say that I yielded acquiescence to the opinion of a villain!——Fatal deception!---every step has led me further towards misery. I have deservedly lost your confidence, the world's applause, and the approbation of my own heart.——I can endure this load of infamy no longer. Ellison, we meet no more in this world!---in the next, perhaps, sincere

contrition may secure me a place near you! Be that thought my only solace!——Farewell!

'LOUISA.'

"Innumerable," continued Ellison, "were the tears I shed over this letter. One soon arrived from my hapless wife that has determined my fate:——she dies by poison! ———I have struggled with my feelings:—I can struggle no longer!"

Ellison fell senseless in the bottom of the coach: Henley was long before he could recover him; and had hardly succeeded before they stopped at a clean-looking house which stood by the side of a common. Henley assisted him to alight; then would have retired. Ellison waved his hand:——"Come, come!—support me!"

Henley paid the coachman, and accompanied him into the house.——Louisa was supported by pillows, and looked lovely even in death. Her lips were scorched by the fever of pain, and the self-administered poison seemed spreading its deadly effects over her whole countenance. ——"Forgive!" was all that she could utter, and sunk back, lifeless, at his approach.——Every awful reverberating toll of the passing bell struck horror to the heart of Henley, who beheld his companion prostrate on the bed of death!

Nature resumed her functions;—every attention was paid to decorum:—it seemed the last efforts of the exhausted, grief-worn Ellison!——He laboured, for a few weeks, under a disorder that at length terminated his existence;—nor ever quitted the spot where his loved Louisa breathed her last!

By her side were his remains deposited, with the approbation of his sorrowing parents, and under the direction of Mr. Henley, who caused that passage from Johnson to be engraven on his tomb, which so pointedly marks the dangers of deception in the married state.

Jane

Jane of Flanders;
OR, THE SIEGE OF HENNEBONNE.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

[Concluded from page 215.]

ACT II. SCENE III.
The French Outposts.

Le Marche. OH! Fortune, how fickle are thy honours! ---Some few days past our soldiers bore away the palm of victory in every rencontre; now their glory fades, and they drop insensibly into the grave!—— Yet this we could brook, did it proceed from some great veteran whom War had marked as its favourite child; but to be scorned----to be vanquished----by the weak powers of a woman, is too much! Her handful of men every hour gain advantages; and this paltry fortress will cast a stigma on the name of France till time shall be no more.

SONG.

Oh! now for Alexander's pow'r,
That, in some welcome, happy hour,
The laurels torn from France's brow
Once more around their native branch might grow.

On yonder plain, weak and forlorn,
The hapless sons of Gallia mourn:
Sharp regret doth on them press,
And fickle Fortune leaves them in distress.

Come, guardian Pow'rs! let your smiles
Relieve them from black Mis'ry's wiles:
Restore them to their pristine joy,
And crush each fiend who would their peace destroy.

Enter Godemar.

Godemar. Le Marche!

Le Marche. Thou art welcome, my friend, I trust, to breathe with me the words of sorrow.

Louisa hung over me; bathed my wounds with her tears; and humbled herself to the very dust. I pitied her distress, but despised the meanness of her humiliation.——Alas! still I knew her not:---she was born to deceive me! Reflection presented to my view the error of my own conduct: through a weak infatuation, I persisted in soliciting the hand of a woman who always denied having any affection for me. I remembered the particular circumstances of our marriage, and could not but acquit Louisa of any premeditated design to deceive me.

"Nelson, apprehensive of the consequences, had concealed himself so effectually, that my efforts were fruitless to discover his retreat. Yet defamation was busy with the name of my once adored Louisa. My parents, acquainted with the truth, were strenuous for my separation, and refused to acknowledge her as a member of the family. Her spirit was as great---more justly so than their's: she waited but to see me past all danger, and voluntarily quitted my house,---never more to return!---A letter, which I have about me, will but explain her sentiments, and will enable you to judge of my feelings."

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Enter Godemar.

Godemar. Le Marche!

Le Marche. Thou art welcome, my friend, I trust, to breathe with me the words of sorrow.

Godemar. Ay; more——of hatred---fury---vengeance! ——Reflection haunts me with her gloomy prospects, and on every side I see naught but defeat, misfortune, and languor.

Le Marche. Tell me not this, Godemar——Point not out the calamities which surround us!

Godemar. It rends my heart: but he deserves not the name of a soldier, who cannot sustain himself, amidst defeat, with some degree of fortitude.

Le Marche. What will the world say to our actions?--- Will not the scoffing children criticise our deeds, and gaping multitudes display their low contempt?——whilst our foes will be honoured and respected, and every one will crowd to see the men who vanquished our before triumphant hosts. Burst not, my proud heart!

Godemar. Keep to yourself such words: they feed the flame of indignation which already threatens to destroy me!

Le Marche. Let us seek to remedy our losses by one decisive stroke: even now, whilst our soldiers are strong enough for the attempt, we will assault the walls; a breach is already made in them; by one effort of courage we may succeed in gaining it: then, then shall our foes repent their insolence, and meet a dreadful punishment.

Godemar. I agree in the service.

Le Marche. We will away, then, and instantly put the troops in motion.

[Felix *staggers in, drunk, with a bottle in his hand.*

Felix (looking back as he enters). Don't tell me about your mustered battalions, your squadrons, and phalanxes. ---I say you are a parcel of ragamuffins-----idle fellows----- I tell you, again, you are no judges of merit. If my advice had been taken, you wouldn't have been where you are now: but, 'tis nothing out of my pocket. I can always settle my affairs over the bottle. *(Drinks.)*

Godemar. How dare you give such licence to your tongue?

Felix.

Felix. Most potent, great, and noble chieftain, what is the pleasure thou would's't wish with thy most devoted servant? There, now; that's just what I heard once at a play in our village; and I thought there was something so sublime in the language, that I learnt it all by heart the first time of hearing it.

Godemar. No trifling——where are you going?

Felix. Going!——Why, if the truth was known, I believe I am on the high road to old Nick, with the French army; at least, I'm following one of its chieftains there.

Godemar. Explain, or thou shalt meet ill fare.

Felix. Oh, yes;——that's right——it's plain he'll go there. *(Drinks.)*

Godemar. Insensible fool!——follow me to my tent.

[*Exit with* Le Marche.

Felix. Good bye! you cross-grain'd mongrel. If a man didn't keep himself sober, how he would be imposed upon. My master's judgment and conceit puts me in mind of a ditty that I know about a warrior. I'll sing it, just to spite him.

BALLAD.

"A warrior, so bold and so bright,"
Niddity, noddity, nib;
Lost his way in a forest one night,
And mournfully hung his jib.

This chieftain was brave in the field,
And his sword could with gallantry wield;
But often, he said,
The ghosts of the dead
Watch'd round his bed,
And to this firm belief he did yield.

Quoth the soldier, I bode no good,
Grimero, Grimery, Grire:
Scarce spoken the words—a girl pass'd with some wood,
To replenish her cottage fire.

The

The warrior thought 'twas a ghost:
He was frighten'd as if a whole host
Had beset him around;
He fell to the ground,
And got a sad wound
By hitting his head 'gainst a post.

The son of Mars bitterly cried,
Wailero, wailery, wie;
And thought that with pain he'd have died;
But the cottage girl homeward did hie.

Balmy liquors were brought—the soldier restor'd;
With laughter the company roar'd.
What a sad fool am I,
The chieftain did cry,
On the ground thus to lie;
Rare mirth will this subject afford.

Enter Marguerite.

Felix. Ah, Marguerite! I'm glad to see you, upon my soul. When you and I are together, it always puts me in mind of Venus and Adonis.

Marguerite. But, Felix, how came you in this condition? You are very tipsy!

Felix. This transitory state of happiness I attained through drinking with a young girl t'other side the camp. Women, my love, always give a zest to wine; and the juice of the grape goes down much sweeter when a woman smiles on one's innocent endeavours to please her: and you know my poor heart——you know how tenderly it beats for the fair sex. *(Drinks.)*

Marguerite. Who is this young girl that has put you in such high spirits, I should like to know?

Felix. I'll tell you. She's a nice little creature that sells cakes, apples, and so forth, to the soldiers; and being a bit of a favourite, we were always upon very good terms together.

Marguerite (tossing her head). Really! I don't doubt it.

Felix. I'll introduce her to you. Her conversation is very enlightened——very sensible, I can assure you; and, upon

upon the whole, notwithstanding her inferior station in life, she has some pretensions to gentility.

Marguerite. You give a very capital description of her accomplishments. But since you have the cruelty to leave me, and go sotting with such a vulgar creature as that, I don't think you worth my notice; and I'll go back to France directly.

Felix (stopping her). Now you're jealous. There's nothing makes a woman so sulky as to praise one of her own sex. It's very odd such little delicate beauties should have so much vanity about them. But I must attend my hot-headed master; and so, for a time, you'll be deprived of my endearing society *(pompously clasping her hand)*. Come, Marguerite, forget and forgive; that's the Christian's maxim. [*Exit, drinking.*

Marguerite. Kind Felix! He has got a little drop too much, to be sure; but still he's good-humoured, and that makes amends for a great deal of folly. Ah! when once we poor shallow-hearted creatures get into love, how difficult it is to drive the impression from one's fancy!

AIR.

How throb the breasts of tender lovers,
What pangs assail each panting heart,
When grim war around them hovers,
And scenes of blood dread fears impart!

The languid soldier, weak and tired,
On the maiden's bosom sleeps;
With warlike dreams his soul is fired,
Unconscious her he loves then weeps.

Martial clangor strikes his senses,
From the couch of love he springs:
His noble mind rejects sad fancies,
And in mirthful strain he sings.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

Scene IV.

The cottage of Arnold, *as before. Enter* Arnold *with a hamper, pad-locking the door after him.*

Arnold. There, you're safe, and that's more than your master can say of himself. This basket contains all that I'm worth, except that cottage, which seems, like the owner (God bless him), falling to decay. However, it can't be helped: we must all return to dust, one time or other; though I mean to keep myself above ground as long as I can; and, the better to accomplish it, am going to take shelter in the fortress. I had some notions of joining the French, in case they happened to be victorious; but, as they seem to be the weakest, I believe I shall get my own countrymen to protect me.

SONG.

What is life without some pleasure?
Short and trivial is the span:
Safety forms its greatest treasure,
And I'll seek it while I can.

Battles make the soldiers' trophy;
I leave them for the heart that's bold:
On some soft inviting sofa
I'd rather lay, and hear them told.

Farewell, my old cottage! When I think you are in a safer situation, I'll come and take possession of you again.

[*Exit with the hamper.*

Martial music. Enter Godemar, Le Marche, Felix, *and the French army, filing through the trees.*

Godemar. Now, my friends, the hated walls of Hennebonne once more intrude upon your sight: one effort of courage, and they are your own! You have been defied, insulted, by the weak powers of a woman. Can your spirits brook this?---can ye remember it without shame, and tamely bow to the indignity!——No!---your proud hearts are in unison with my own, and beat only whilst your honour lives.

Felix.

Felix. With all due deference to your opinion, that's wrong. For instance; my heart always beats while I find victuals. Honour go where it likes——I'll engage to live, if I can fill my belly.

Godemar. Cease, coward! Did not the recollection invade my breast, that thy paltry arm once saved my life, I would tear thee to atoms!——Hide thee from my sight, or in the transports of my anger I may be "tempted to crush thee as an ungrateful viper that gnaws the bosom which fostered and cherished it into life."

Felix. Oh!---I shall die in a shivering fit!

[*He retires behind the soldiers.*

Godemar. Soldiers!---to the attack!——March!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

The outworks of the town of Hennebonne: the back scene is taken up with the fortifications; in the centre, a portcullis and drawbridge. The ramparts extend along the whole front, and are crowded with Breton soldiers, attended by Jane of Flanders, Fitzwalter, Raymond, Robert, *and other chieftains. On the left angle of the ramparts, a lofty tower; the walls extend by both wings of the stage, but are in a more ruinous state than those of the centre: the whole surrounded by a moat.*

CHORUS *of Breton soldiers.*

To arms! ye brave, to arms!
Banish Fear's alarms;
'Tis Liberty's sweet charms
For dauntless courage calls.
With valour defend your posts,
Resist the martial hosts
Which threaten now our walls!

See, see, the foe advances,
Bravely couch your lances,
Danger the glory enhances,
Now prove to the world your pow'r:
Your wives and children wait afar,
Anxious for the fate of war;
Struggle, then, for conquest, and embrace them in happy hour!

Countess.

Countess. My brave friends!---the time is now come which we have so long expected; and the present moment decides your fate for ever. Do you chuse the ignominious chains of an insolent and over-bearing enemy, or peaceful freedom under a prudent monarch?——Speak!

Soldiers. Freedom, with a monarch!---Long live the family of Mountfort!

Countess. My generous and loyal vassals!---then fight for the rights which your ancestors have purchased, and quit not these walls till you have perished in defence of them, or dealt destruction on your enemies! Let no weak sorrows cool your gallantry; and doubt not but the potent sons of Britain are at hand; for that nation, my friends, makes not promises to delude; and the soul of an Englishman abhors deceit.

Fitzwalter. Our injuries nerve us to the highest pitch of hatred against these proud, ambitious foes. But no more;---they come:——brandish your tempered sabres, wave aloft your sacred banners, and sound the blast of battle! *(Trumpets.)*

(Enter the French army, headed by Godemar *and* Le Marche. *They attack the fortifications of the wings: scaling ladders are brought forward. After a desperate conflict they gain the side-part of the battlements, but the centre of the works repel the assailants. A parley is beat, during which the* Countess *ascends the summit of the tower.)*

Fitzwalter. Frenchmen! we call on you to spare blood! Let philanthropy have place in your breasts, and save, if possible, by a peace, honourable and satisfactory to both parties, the lives of those brave men who must fall on both sides by prolonging the contest.

Godemar. What! are your proud spirits at length reduced to tame submission? Your insolence deserves not a peace.——Death to the inhabitants of Hennebonne!

Fitzwalter. You will grant us no truce?

Godemar. None!

Countess,

Countess. There shall be none!——Frenchmen, your efforts are vain! Ruin even now encompasses you!——Cast your eyes towards the ocean, my friends: mark how the swelling gale wafts the welcome barks of England to our shores! The hardy warriors fly to succour us:---revive your drooping spirits, and merit their assistance!

[*She descends to the ramparts.*

Fitzwalter. Charge!

(A party of Breton soldiers return to the charge from the interior of the works, and drive the French from the fortifications they had gained on the wings. The latter hasten down their ladders in confusion; several break under them: some fall into the moat, and on the stage.)

Countess. Down with the drawbridge! The English are at the gate!

(The drawbridge is let down: the Count of Mountfort, Sir Walter Manny, Andrew, *and English soldiers, rush forward. The French soldiers stand ranged on one side the stage, aghast with terror. The* Countess *and other chieftains descend from the ramparts.)*

Mountfort. Hold!---'tis useless thus to sacrifice the brave. Hearken to me;---let this dubious contest be decided by shorter means.——Godemar, Le Marche, the Count of Mountfort, and Sir Walter Manny, challenge ye to the combat!

Godemar. We are here to accept it; and, as the hardy lion, whose breast is swelled with indignation at disappointment, haste to crush thee!

(They commence the fight, the hostile parties remaining silent spectators. After a sharp contest the French chieftains retreat off the stage, pressed back by their opponents. The clashing of their sabres without is for a moment heard.)

Countess (looking after them, and exulting). The Frenchmen fall!——We conquer!

Breton soldiers. Victory! Victory!

French soldiers. *Par Dieu!*——We must use our legs!

[*They run off.*

Andrew (following them with the English). Ay! run, Monsieurs!——Fricassee loses the day!

Re-enter the Count *and* Sir Walter Manny.

Mountfort (embracing the Countess). My lovely wife! never can I sufficiently acknowledge your worth! Live, then, my pride, and see my gratitude!

Countess (throwing aside her accoutrements). I have no longer occasion for these.---The softer duties shall now be my care.

Enter Felix, *dragged in by two soldiers.*

Felix. Oh, Lord!---oh, Lord!——I knew what my fighting work would come to at last!

Mountfort. How now!——Who art thou?

Felix. Most noble Sir!---I was servant to that mad-brained Frenchman that your soldiers are putting to bed with the shovel yonder; but I always loved Marguerite better than fighting.——She's waiting for me now, in our camp; and, if you'd save a poor girl's heart from breaking, let me go back.

Mountfort. Thy looks bespeak thee harmless.——Go, then; but cease not to remember thy benefactors.

Felix. I shall often think on them, my Lord.——And if ever I raise my arm against you any more, may I never drink another drop of soup as long as I live. [*Exit.*

(Cecilia *and a party of women cross the drawbridge.)*

Countess (placing the hand of Cecilia *in* Robert's). You, my worthy pair, I know, love each other——I join your hands. Soon may I have the pleasure of seeing you united, and the blame will attach to me, should you ever fail in worldly splendour.

Robert. Oppressed with unmerited goodness, our future life shall be a studied scene of thankfulness.

Mountfort. Joy to you all, my vassals!---You have performed your duty with honour. Be it our care first to relieve the widows and orphans; after which, every man will adjourn to the citadel, and receive a reward for his valour.——And, now, let us join hand and heart in adoring

ing the God who gives the virtuous Unfortunate that invincible power which crushes the proud oppressor!

CHORUS *and Finale.*

Merry be our hearts, with pleasure beating,
Nought can damp the joyous mirth;
See the vanquish'd foe retreating,
Swift he treads the blood-stain'd earth!

Happy be each bosom, thankfully bow,
Chase obnoxious Care away;
Taste the reward of Virtue now,
And join the pleasant roundelay!

ON FEMALE DRESS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

WHENEVER Nature fails to produce what is expected of her, Art is usually called in to her aid.---A profusion of beautiful hair is a great ornament to a female head at all times, and more particularly when it is attended with no inconvenience;---such as daubing it with greasy lard, and flour of the finest quality; the consequence of which is, the spoiling of dress, loss of time, waste of human sustenance, and expense of a *frizzeur*. Nature always looks most beautiful as herself, without the capricious whimsicalities of stiff ornament. When the three Goddesses contended in beauty for the golden apple, they neither appeared in powdered hair, cropped wigs, nor Dutch petticoats. Venus was not seen emerging from the sea in the above factitious ornaments, nor the nymphs her attendants; nor does Homer, Hesiod, Ovid, or any other poetic writer, call in the aid of Art to beautify Nature; and one of our own poets says,——"Beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

Custom assuredly is the arbiter of Fashion; but the closer she adheres to Nature the better. Different nations are obliged to dress according to their different climates, and the different temperatures of heat and cold; but I am an advocate for *few petticoats*, provided the fair sex do not catch cold: any thing that affects their health will always interest us, as, without them, the ass which pastures on the verdant fields, and drinks of the crystal stream, would be comparatively happier than we should be.——But let me ask you, if a statuary were to form a beautiful figure, would he finish it in Dutch petticoats, or Grecian drapery?---In the former, no vestige of Nature can possibly be discernible; in the latter, the beautiful *contour*, finished by the exquisite hand of Nature, is visible through the drapery thrown over by Art.

Cyrus, King of Persia, recommended it to his subjects (particularly such as were deformed) to hide the imperfections of Nature by Art; and another reason for loose dresses in Eastern countries, is, the heat of the weather. But it must be allowed, that a well made, well proportioned man, or woman, makes a more natural and better impression when they are thinly clad, than when rolled up like *Egyptian mummies*, or when the one is as thick around, with a *false bottom*, as *a Heidelberg tun;* the other in a pair of breeches, each thigh of which would fairly contain his body, and looks like a *dwarf in the spoils of a giant*.---Only one word to my fair friends:——that, as winter is fast approaching, and *time is on the wing*, each should provide herself with a conjugal bed-fellow, and one flannel petticoat; which is the most wholesome advice a great admirer of their sex can give. G. O.

SKETCH OF THE LATE MRS. MONTAGUE.

THE observation of Hume, respecting Queen Elizabeth, is applicable to this Lady. We are not so much to consider her sex as her abilities. She was an excellent

cellent scholar; she possessed a sound judgment and an exquisite taste. Her "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare," in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire, must always rank with the best illustrations of the transcendant powers of our great English Poet. Her work is not an elaborate exposition of obscure passages, but a comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of human nature, and of the wonderful resources of his imagination. This Essay is, we believe, the only work of which Mrs. Montague publicly avowed herself to be the author; but it is well known that she assisted the first Lord Lyttleton in the composition of his "Dialogues of the Dead;" and some of the best of those Dialogues, by his Lordship's own acknowledgement, were the efforts of her pen. Lord Lyttleton was very much attached to her; and, if he had been free from matrimonial connexions, she might have commanded his title and fortune. Mrs. Montague, however, it was imagined, was attached to Pulteney, the famous Earl of Bath. She accompanied this Nobleman and his Lady on a tour through Germany.

Mrs. Montague peculiarly excelled in epistolary composition; and her Letters, in point of learning, judgment, and elegance, far exceed those of her name-sake, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, even supposing that the latter was really the author of the Letters attributed to her; which, however, have long been known to be in a great measure fictitious.

Mrs. Montague was a near relation of the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, to whose care she devolved in early life, and who superintended her education with parental fondness. She is said to have made so early a display of her tendency to literature, that she had transcribed the whole of the Spectators before she was eight years of age. Incredible as this story seems to be, it has been attested by the best authority; and was always solemnly affirmed by the late Dr. Monsey, Physician of Chelsea

College, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, and of Mrs. Montague.

The epistolary correspondence that took place between Dr. Monsey and Mrs. Montague, during her tour in Germany, and, indeed, through the whole of their intercourse for upwards of thirty years, affords proofs of uncommon talents, original humour, and acute observation on both sides. We sincerely hope that these Letters, at least those of Mrs. Montague, will be submitted to the world, as they contain nothing but what would tend to impress mankind with high reverence for her capacity, her attainments, and her virtues.

In private life, Mrs. Montague was an example of liberal discretion and rational benevolence. Her hand was always extended to the protection of Genius, and the relief of Distress; but she was careful to distinguish the objects, and not to lavish her bounty upon false pretensions. This Lady's magnificent mansion was the resort of the most distinguished characters of her time; and all were emulous to testify their esteem, and pay homage to the endowments of her mind, and the amiable qualities of her heart.

We are extremely sorry to conclude this impartial tribute to her worth, by informing our Readers that she resigned her meritorious life, at a very advanced age, on Monday, September 1, at her house in Portman Square.

Some ANECDOTES of the late MADe. HELVETIUS,

Widow of the French Philosopher.

SHE was born, in 1719, at the Castle of Ligneville, in Lorraine; was the daughter of the Count de Ligneville, allied to the house of Lorraine, and related to the Queen Maria Antoinette.

M. Helvetius saw her at the house of Mad. Graffigny, so celebrated for her Peruvian Letters. He was struck with

with her beauty, and the dignity with which she supported her fallen fortune. He offered her his hand, and married her, after resigning his place of Farmer General.

Her usual occupation now was, to visit the poor and the sick, accompanied by a surgeon and a nun of one of the charitable institutions.

It is known that Helvetius was persecuted for his book—"De l'Esprit." A person of rank wrote to his wife, in order to engage her to obtain from the philosopher a dishonourable retractation: but she rejected the proposition; and, like a courageous woman, resolved to go into banishment, if necessary, sooner than attempt to subdue the conscience of her husband.

The death of her husband transferred to other hands those estates upon which she expended her beneficence.—She retired to Auteuil with little more than an income of 20,000 franks; and took the resolution of going no more into the world, but of arranging her house in the most agreeable manner that the mediocrity of her revenue would permit. She was not sufficiently rich to go in quest of pleasure amongst others, but found that she had more than the means of enjoying it at home. She renounced her numerous acquaintances, and attached herself solely to her friends. Of the treasures necessary for beneficence, she retained nothing but her goodness; and that she employed upon animals. To render a sensible being happy, was to her a matter of necessity. Her house was, for ten years, an assemblage of little republics of animals, whose provider she was. It used to be said, on seeing her conversing with her dogs, her cats, and her birds, that she had some particular understanding with them. It was, indeed, the mutual understanding between goodness and gratitude. When she spoke of their endearments, their caresses, and their expressions of love towards her, you might suppose you heard La Fontaine, but, perhaps, with a higher charm; for he painted the character of animals, and she painted the goodness of their hearts.

Of

Of every thing she judged, and in every thing acted from her heart. She loved the Revolution, because it restored, enabled, and rendered happy the most numerous part of the nation: she detested it, irrevocably, when she saw that it was attended with pillage, and with massacre.—She laughed at those fine ladies who make a business of their beauty, as if there was a duty attached to it. She also ridiculed female wit; saying that the wit of women should be in their souls, as the souls of men in their wit.

She made a jest of pretensions to nobility. The Mareschal de B———, her kinsman, once reproached her with not knowing her family, and for not going into mourning for an illustrious relation.———"I cannot tell," replied she, "whether I was of his family: but, pray, did he know that he belonged to mine?"

Whether from the abundance of her sentiments, or, that openness is natural to those whose thoughts are always good——she spoke every thing that entered her head; and thus was she celebrated for her ingenuousness. Although she had little learning, and did not reflect on what she was saying, yet she always pleased, and frequently instructed. Her house was the resort of distinguished men: Laroche, Cabonis, and Gallois, attended her last moments. The great Dr. Franklin used to go every day to see her. The Abbe Morellet for ten years passed three days of the week at her house. M. Turgot loved her tenderly. Chamfort, one of the greatest wits of modern days, and whose happy sayings are now the oftenest quoted, used to take extreme delight in her conversation. Frequently, in the midst of the most profound discussions (to which she seemed to pay no attention), she would put in some exclamations, some expressions springing from the soul, which baffled all the sophisms, recalled the true principles, and served to determine the question.

She was the happiest of women, because the most affectionate; and she felt her happiness. The last word which she spoke was to Cabonis, who was kissing and pressing

her hands, already cold, and calling her " my good mother;" to which she answered----" I am that still."

She died at her house at Auteuil, in the 80th year of her age, on the 13th of August, and was buried in her garden.——" You know not," said she, one day, walking there with Bonaparte, " how much happiness may be found in *three acres of land.*"

SINGULAR INVITATION FOR A FEMALE COMPANION.

[From a Hamburgh Paper, August 15, 1800.]

The Lady Inviter is Miss Wilhelmina Henrietta Antonia, of Altona.

" AS I have not yet found a man," says Miss Antonia, " whom I can love, I have contracted a general desire to please, either by politeness, by following the fashions, or by a spirit of malice, which, however, never degenerates into genuine coquetishness. An invincible love for liberty, and a certain taste for idleness and ease, which renders every kind of authority insupportable to me, have prevented me, hitherto, from marrying. I have not yet found any man so superior as to command me, so amiable as to enslave me, so void of character as to be my slave, so discreet and so faithful as to be my friend. I have a mind too elevated, a heart too timid, and an imagination too ardent for me to be the subject of a long-continued delusion. I neither wish to command nor to obey any man. I wish for a friend with whom I may pass my life, and divide my fortune, united by the purest, the truest, and the most virtuous sentiments, without constraint, and without reserve, without false delicacy, and without vanity; music, interesting reading, the society of some well-informed and high educated man, would fill up our lives.

" If, therefore, there is to be found a woman between the age of twenty-six and thirty-six, of a good constitution and

and a moral character, well brought up, who, together with a pure and sensible heart, a reasonable and unaffected mind, and a correct taste, possesses politeness, feminine qualities, prudence, and that sincerity which the common intercourse of society requires, I should be happy to offer her my friendship and my house:---I should wish that she should neither be ugly, nor absolutely poor.——If the particulars which I have enumerated are found to answer, I hope that she will with a noble frankness acquaint me, through the medium of the *Affiches des Empire*, with her good qualities, and even with her failings, and that she will consent to partake with me the pleasures and the pains of life. She will find in my house an income of four thousand marks annually; a commodious and extensive apartment, with a fine view over a large garden towards the Elbe, entirely at her own disposal. My carriage and my servants shall be entirely at her command: she shall eat by herself when she pleases. We shall make trial of each other's dispositions for three years. All I stipulate is, that she shall be neither a Frenchwoman, a Jewess, nor a Lady of Quality."

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

A LADY is now resident at Brussels, who relates the following history of her almost miraculous escape from the hands of the late revolutionary assassins at Lyons, in France.

Having been condemned to death, she was led, with a number of persons in the same unhappy situation, to the scaffold, and had the misery of beholding many wretched victims suffer death under the stroke of the guillotine: the executioner, at length, declared himself so fatigued, that he could proceed no further in this horrid business without refreshment. This Lady was not yet bound; and in the interval,

interval, finding herself free, she jumped down into the crowd, and being unhurt, and probably assisted, mixed with the multitude, and got away. She ran and walked without stopping all that day, and the next night; when she was so exhausted, that she was forced to lie down for a few hours in a wood. After a short interval of rest, she resumed her flight; and, seeing a house, she ventured to go to it, and there related the story of her marvellous escape. They assisted her with food, disguised her like a beggar, and then dismissed her, and she proceeded on her journey, till she reached Berne; after which, at her leisure, she was conveyed to Brussels.

It is to be hoped that a life so spared has not been spared in vain.

A FABLE.

AN Ape, who had long been chained in a large court yard, one night broke loose. Half frantic at the unexpected event, Pug gave way to a thousand wild vagaries: he instantly demolished a cumbrous kennel, in which he had been sometime tied up; then he fell to hugging, scratching, biting, pinching, and throtling the coachman's pretty little tame favourites----puppies and kittens, promiscuously, squirrels, guinea fowls, and white mice, &c. &c. &c. all, unpitied, fell beneath his fangs! ——Next, the mischievous beast bolted in at the stable door; tore bridles, saddles, and housings, to pieces; defaced the arms and emblazements of the carriages; and at length, dragging down the lantern that carelessly hung from the rafter, he set fire to the premises. The coachman, who slept in the loft, was himself smothered in the flames.

In a contiguous out-shed stood a trunk, containing the poor man's wardrobe; thither our blundering incendiary briskly

briskly repaired, where, for hours together, he dressed and undressed himself with the most hideous yells and gesticulations. At every wanton change Pug would sit demurely down amidst the mouldering ruins of the stable with the greatest *nonchalance*, as in a place of perfect safety; but as soon as the unextinguished embers scorched him, up he would jump in dismay, run off, screaming, to the out-shed just mentioned, and again strip. He would then furiously ransack the trunk anew, select some new piece of frippery, and repeat his antics:---day, at last, dawned, and every horrid extravagance became fully apparent.

A neighbour's mastiff passed the yard:——"Collared slave," exclaimed the Ape, "approach, and worship!---Lo! here I sit supreme---I am enlightened---I am free!"

"Alas! poor maniac!" replied the honest creature.---"Poor maniac! from my heart I pity thee. Who now shall give thee food?---who now shall shield thee from the sad effects of thine own unruly passions?——Thy master, with all his pretty favourites, thou hast butchered in thy sport! Alas! the smoke and ashes that surround thee are the sole dire recompense for all thy vengeful labours.---Free thou art;---but how?——by violence, by massacre, by conflagration!---And for what?——to lacerate, to harrass, to consume, thine own flesh!———I cannot, will not, respect thee.

"Thou callest me collared slave!---'Tis true, I am curbed; you see, however, that my master allows me the free use of my limbs: were I to trangress, could you blame him for restraining me in future?——My collar is a badge of discipline---not of slavery; the spikes in it are purposely placed there for my defence: I wear his honoured name, engraven thereon, as a pledge of solemn assurance that he will vindicate my rights, though he is not unmindful of his own.——Poor maniac!---fare thee well!"

C. W.

Buckingham Street, Strand.

ON

ON FEMALE POLITICIANS.

THE following curious invective may amuse our readers. ---It is extracted from a Paris paper, called *La Clef du Cabinet;* and the style in which it is written leads us to suppose, that either Madame Bonaparte, Madame Tallien, or some other females of *haut-ton*, in the Consular Court, have roused the jealousy of the Journalists, who seem terribly afraid of France falling under *petticoat government*.

"There is scarcely a man among us who has not witnessed the shameful abuses which have been introduced into this country by Women under the monarchy; and if we were to enumerate those which they have caused since the Revolution, we should not have much reason to congratulate ourselves upon the change of our government. *We are not apprehensive that those who devote themselves to the performance of the duties of their sex will think themselves included in our censure.* If they read us, they will be convinced of the sincere respect we entertain for their virtues. As to those who may find their own resemblance in the pictures which we shall draw, we will pardon them if they should be incensed at our frankness; but we had rather they would correct their errors. The more Women possess an influence in any government, the more injustice will that government commit. Enterprizing, artful, full of designs upon every subject which interests them, they are a thousand times more skilful than our sex: they follow, without interruption, the designs which they have formed; and the Public Functionary must be an angel if they do not make him deviate from rectitude, should he listen to them when duty orders him to be deaf to their seducing solicitations.

"Women are seldom capable of discerning true merit, and are very little sensible of it; but they are highly captivated with every thing that tends to dazzle or surprize them.---- Accomplished manners delude them; and they are easily gained by artful flattery and excessive homage. As they

only think of pleasing, they are attentive to nothing but what pleases: and as they are always ready to give praise for praise, it is not difficult for persons who are aware of this disposition to derive an advantage from it. Besides these serious faults, they have that of never acting with prudent moderation: they carry their approbation or dislike too far; and in every thing they undertake they display a degree of eagerness which turns every thing into fury; and they feel great uneasiness at the precautions, the delays, and the reflections of Prudence. If an object strikes them, they pursue it: if they attain it, they are disgusted at it. Their jealousy and their ambition render them mutually enemies to each other, even when their common interests seem to unite them. They employ a thousand artifices for the destruction of each other, and there are few means which they would think unjust to employ. Their desire of vengeance is excessive, and they scruple at no means to gratify it: nothing restrains them but impotence; not even avarice, which has so great a power over them.---It is almost always by them that venality and injustice begin in a state. Every thing is bought where they have the liberty of selling every thing.

"After this rapid sketch of the passions which agitate too great a number of women, we ask,-----whether every man in authority in the Republic ought not to oppose Women having any share of it? We had promised ourselves, that, under a just and firm government, the outrages which they committed would no longer dishonour any man in office.----How much have we been deceived! With the greater part of them, the public good is a mere chimera! Money decides; and they sell every thing----even Justice!!"

THE PRUDENT GOVERNESS.

INDUCED by the brightness of a sharp but healthy morning in January, Madame Rousillon led her pupils to the brow of a tremendous precipice, which overlooked a vast

vast extent of country, diversified by every variety of prospect; and indulged herself with commenting on the beauties of a scene so interesting to an enthusiastic admirer of Nature in her most magnificent operations.

To her instructive, amusing, and pious observations, Aurora, the eldest hope of a noble family, bestowed the most grateful attention; and, by every endearing and delicate endeavour, she strove to give her sister an equal relish for the sublime, the awful, and splendid effects of a clear sun upon the inequalities of a snowy surface; but Marian frankly declared her predilection in favour of a well-filled drawing-room, and thought the lustre of a chandelier infinitely preferable to the silvery brilliance that ornamented the sides of several streams, which, too rapid to yield to common frost, rushed down the precipice below their situation: it was with a very ill grace, therefore, that she agreed to follow the enthusiasts (for such she denominated her companions) down a winding path, for the purpose of gaining a small cottage, whose curling smoke gave an idea of warmth and welcome; and, although the transient brightness had yielded to a sudden fall of snow, would have defied its utmost inclemency, rather than have degraded her dignity in accepting such an apparently humble shelter.

Madame Rousillon ridiculed the fastidious objection, and passing between the boles of some antient oaks, which now hid, and now revealed, the little habitation, she soon reached a dwelling, whose modest appearance, as they entered, by no means tended to remove Marian's reluctance to accept the protection which it seemed to offer. No musical instrument, no globes, no materials for drawing, nor elegant needle-works, distinguished it as the temporary residence of an unfortunate and beauteous exile; and Marian was disappointed in the feeble hope which she had formed, that some great discovery would compensate for her mortification.

It had been the plan of Madame Rousillon to form the minds of her young pupils upon the basis of moderation; but, in the distinction which she made between pride and humility, the exact boundaries were not so properly ascertained as to prevent the very error she meant to eradicate from the disposition of her youngest charge; and while Aurora, with a due regard to her claims as a female of delicacy and high birth, never lost sight of true gentleness and suavity of manners, Marian became an odd compound of pride, vanity, and affectation. Her prejudices were strong, but her resistance to any secretly-indulged propensity weak and ineffectual: she detested the sober axioms of matured experience, and equally rejected the sweet enthusiasm which sentiments formed on the grand scale of rational philosophy very properly creates. Alike tenacious of worldly advantages, and her elevated situation, the civilities of an honest peasant, who offered this house as an asylum from the increasing shower, were received with an unjustifiable frigidity; and, in consequence of her Governess's and Aurora's ready acceptance of a seat which occupied the part nearest the fire, Marian soon felt the inconveniences which her ridiculous adherence to superior society induced.

Towards the apparent owner of this humble shelter she turned a cold, disdainful look; and, however disgusted by the plain and unadorned exterior, there was an intelligence and emanation of spirit that beamed from the eyes of supposed ignorance, which detained, perhaps not reluctantly, Marian's attention, and by no means corresponded with her ideas of the lower order of beings. His language, his figure (for she soon found inclination to notice both), corroborated the notion which she had taken up respecting a person, who certainly (so she mentally argued) had moved in a higher sphere; and his request that she would draw nearer the fire, was accepted with a complacency that astonished her sister; while Madame Rousillon, who more fully understood her pupil's disposition, checked the smile

smile which this alteration excited. Her heart even triumphed in the hope, that the moment was not far off when Marian should be convinced of her errors; and made no objection to the peasant's request to conduct them to the castle from which they had wandered.

During the walk, Fitzgerald, for so he named himself, took occasion to hint at the awkwardness of his present situation, and in a way which might be equivocally interpreted; spoke of unexpected misfortunes; loss of friends; and pecuniary disappointment.——" And thus," thought Marian, " is my opinion established:---Fitzgerald is a man of family; he is handsome, sensible, and deserving."

From that period, Madame Rousillon, who carefully watched the effect of this determination (for that Marian's prejudices were either overthrown, or that she had found a method of humouring them, became pretty clear), soon discovered the precipice on which her scholar was just hazarding her future happiness. Fitzgerald had, through the most indiscreet encouragement, obtained several audiences; and in the gardens, on the moor by the river which wound at the foot of the castle hill, Madame Rousillon had constantly traced the headstrong girl, and began to tremble for a charge which many years back was given her by the deceased parents of these orphan children. With amazement she beheld the once humble peasant arrayed in the garb, and practising the manners of a gentleman; nor rested till she became fully possessed of the spring which actuated the whole machine.

Nothing, then, remained but to put in execution a scheme which she had meditated from the time of her first discovery of this business; she intimated to the young Ladies an inclination to visit Fitzgerald's cottage on the following morning. Marian, who greatly disrelished the proposed expedition, was prevented by her Governess from informing her mysterious admirer; and could avail herself of no alternative of consequence enough to relieve her from joining in the threatened visit.

At the door of the humble habitation they were accosted by an antient woman, meanly clad, and evidently mistress of the cot, who civilly asked them to walk in. They did; but what confusion overwhelmed the mind of our unfortunate heroine, when she beheld her quondam lover busily employed in repairing the heel of a shoe, for which a rosy-cheeked damsel was patiently waiting!

"We disturb you," said Madame Rousillon, with a significant look towards Marian, whose arm she held.

"Not at all---not at all," cried the old woman.——"It is only my son and Patty Steward, his sweetheart.---Why, where be going, James? Patty, don't be asheamed!——Patty's a good girl, Madam; only a little afeared bevore great volk."

In pity to Marian, who could scarcely stand, Madame Rousillon quitted the scene of her mortification; and in their way back frankly owned that she had been informed, by a relation of Fitzgerald's, that the valet of a neighbouring gentleman had procured him the suit in which he commonly visited Marian; that his employments were various, but extremely humble; and that to a charity school he owed his literary attainments.

"Say no more, dear Madam," cried the disgusted Marian. "Great has been my fault, and bitter the punishment; but, henceforth, to you and my beloved sister will I commit the inspection of a conduct which I shudder to look back upon."

Aurora, delighted with the result of an affair which had occasioned her much distress, joined her felicitations to those of their worthy Governess, and by every sisterly kindness strove to obliterate all recollection of the past. Madame Rousillon then put a plan in execution which she had previously intended; and, taking her pupils to the metropolis, stayed there till she supposed all traces of this disagreeable business might be forgotten.

M.

EFFECTS

EFFECTS OF MISTAKEN SYNONYMY.

WHEN I hear of daring and hazardous exploits attained by the Courage of the successful adventurer, or when some unlucky scheme, although planned with caution, and conducted with intrepidity, fails of its purpose, and the unfortunate enterpriser is accused of Rashness, I feel inclined to judge as favourably of the latter hero, as if he had been crowned with the hard-earned glory of the former: indeed, these different significations seem, in some points, to be real opposites, and their synonymy to be much mistaken; for there is a degree of virtue in the first which all must allow; and I am sure, when rightly ascertained, the consequences of Rashness may be ascribed, in some cases, to a degree of Vice.

Had the gallant Nelson, in his brave attack on Teneriffe, met with that reward which his well-intended project deserved, none would have denied to such merit the laurel of praise; but the failure of so great an attempt (notwithstanding the hurt he sustained was a sure proof of his valour) appeared sufficient to stamp the noble sufferer's name with Rashness; yet, who ever grudged to his succeeding and ever-glorious victory near Alexandria the just tribute of unbounded and repeated applauses? and his Courage was universally spoken of: thus it eventually appears, that the success, more than the designed execution, stamps the projector with one of those characters. I shall, therefore, endeavour to personify those qualities which are so frequently misapplied, and to proceed as usual with these subjects of false synonymy; in doing which, I must be allowed to bestow Fortitude on Courage as a paternal friend, whose spirited incitement to heroic deeds were usually accompanied by the sweet and persuasive cautions of his consort, Mercy; but as Rashness, ever fierce, headstrong, and misjudging, betrayed, by his desultory manners and unsettled principles, the consequence of a dubious extraction, it will be doing no injury to Folly, his

his fantastic mother, if we ascribe some of his errors to an imitation of that frivolous Goddess's admirers, a few of whom he seemed to copy in several instances. From Bacchus he sometimes caught a flight of miscalled valour; at others, the instigations of Covetousness (occasioned by losses among those antients who in very early ages practised the vice of gambling) would urge him to betray his blameable propensities; but his ostensible father was generally guessed to be the headstrong Phaëton.

To have given our would-be hero his real title, would have been to incur his highest displeasure: even Courage himself was unable to preserve a claim to the virtues of his progenitors unimpeached; nay, his very existence was attacked by the impetuous youth, who assumed a name due only to the descendant of Fortitude and Mercy; and as this distinction was granted by all whose similar pursuits led them to favour his pretensions, the partisans of Rashness became powerful enough to contend against those whose superior principles were evidently actuated by nobler inducements; and it became necessary to call in such assistance as might be sufficient to restore the rights of their favourite, however useless, in general, such resources were.

To effect a purpose so important, even Rashness himself, by his usual ridiculous conduct, lent a ready hand; and in an affray, owing to his own headstrong instigation, his noble competitor completely prevailed. As it was in the power of this deceiver to assume the form of him whose disposition appeared most suitable to his purpose, Rashness entered himself as a candidate for fame on the plains of Elis, in the person of a youthful Greek, who, finding his utmost powers inferior to the antagonist he had chosen, gave way to the most indecent expression of unjustifiable fury. Cool, yet bravely determined, Antenor, a votary to Courage, and possessed of the qualities which he had derived from his glorious pattern, would have waved a contest so unequal to his skill, so inimical to his dignity; but Rashness, pursuing his fatal purpose, aimed with his bat a blow

blow so heavy at the unarmed Roman, as required all Antenor's caution to evade.

The consequence of this ungenerous act extended to the utter overthrow of those pretensions which threatened to deprive Courage of his real claims. The Greek, overcome by his own impetuosity, and missing Antenor, fell prostrate on the Olympic plain, where Shame and Cowardice, glorying in his defeat, transfixed him to the earth. The situation of this wretched boaster, who, previous to his disgrace, had threatened a total extermination of his opponent, called forth new virtues into exercise; and although Courage, by his delegate, expressed a momentary contempt, Generosity and Mercy raised the abject creature, banished his new tormentors, and left him with this short aphorism, which has since been so beautifully versified:——

Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love Mercy, and delight to save!

School of Arts.

NO. XXII.

To make Indian Pickle; very useful in a family.

TAKE a pound of race ginger, and lay it in water one night; then scrape it, cut it in thin slices, put to it some salt, and let it stand in the sun to dry: take two ounces of long pepper, and prepare it the same as the ginger; a pound of garlic, cut in thin slices, and salted, and let it stand three days; then work it well, and salt it again, and let it stand three days longer: then work it well, salt it again, and put it in the sun to dry. Take a quarter of a pound of bruised mustard-seed, and half a quarter of an ounce of turmeric; when prepared, put these ingredients into a large stone jar, with one gallon of good white

white wine vinegar; stir it very often for a fortnight, and tie it up close.

In this pickle you may put white cabbage, cut small, and put in a brine of salt and water for three days; then boil fresh salt and water, and just put in the cabbage to scald; press out the water, and put it in the sun to dry. In the same manner you may do cauliflowers, cucumbers, melons, apples, turnips, French beans, capsicums, carrots, &c. &c.; but take care that they are well dried before you put them in the pickle. You need never empty the jar, but as the pickles are in season put them in, and supply them with vinegar as often as required.

If you would have your pickle look green, omit the turmeric; colour them as usual, and put them into the pickle cold.

THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.

Sept. 1. A MUSICAL Farce, called THE REVIEW; or, *The Wags of Windsor*, was performed for the first time; the Characters were as follow:

Mr. Deputy Bull, Mr. Suett; Captain Beaugard, Mr. Farley; Looney Mactwolter, Mr. Johnstone; John Lump, Mr. Emery; Caleb Quotem, Mr. Fawcett; Charles Williams, Mr. Trueman; Dubbs, Mr. Chippendale; Serjeant, Mr. Atkins:—Soldiers, &c. &c.——Grace Gaylove, Mrs. Gibbs; Lucy, Mrs. Mountain; Phœbe Whitethorn, Miss De Camp; Martha, Miss Leserve.

The fable of this Piece contains nothing very novel or interesting.—Captain Beaugard has conceived a partiality for Grace Gaylove, the ward of Mr. Deputy Bull, a City grocer, who had retired from business. Grace is a Quaker. The guardian is averse to her marrying the Captain; but by

by the aid of Lucy, the chambermaid, the lovers correspond. The Captain sends a letter to his mistress by Looney, his Irish footman, and she has sent another by Lump, her guardian's servant, a Yorkshire bumpkin. Neither of these servants can read, and, when they meet, the letters are mingled by the Irishman; and, in order to distinguish them, these servants agree to resort to the Deputy, who opens the letters, first reading aloud that from the Captain, in which the latter informs his mistress that a post-chaise is in waiting for her and her maid. Grace and her maid being present while the Deputy reads, they both avail themselves of the contents of the Captain's letter, and steal off to fulfill the appointment, leaving the Deputy to peruse the other letter. When he has concluded, he hastens in pursuit of the lovers to the camp, and is at length induced to consent to the match.---There is also another love match in this Piece, between Williams, a soldier, and Phœbe, a country-girl, who follows him in male attire, and enlists. The Captain befriends them, and they also are married. The Piece concludes with a military exercise by pasteboard figures.

Without much originality either of character or plot, it is a very pleasant sprightly production, abounding in merry equivoque, and displaying many laughable incidents and whimsical situations; and, being supported by the whole comic force of the House, it run through the remainder of the season with great success.——This Theatre closed on the 15th.

COVENT GARDEN

Opened on the same evening, with *Speed the Plough*, and *Hartford Bridge*. The House has been newly painted and ornamented, and makes a very elegant appearance. Of the Performers of last season, only Mr. Holman has retired.

DRURY

DRURY LANE

Commenced its season on the 16th, with *Hamlet*, and *Of Age To-morrow*, under the avowed Management of Mr. Kemble. It could not be in better hands.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A straw or chip bonnet, trimmed with purple, and green silk handkerchief. A white muslin gown, puckered in the breast, with plaits straight across; a tucker, corresponding with a frill on the neck, behind. A jacket of the same, edged with plaits. Gloves, York tan. Shoes, lilac.

2. A bonnet of white muslin, with broad edging of lace in front, placed in flutes. A blue spotted muslin gown, with plaited sleeves, and lace ruffles. A tippet of white muslin, puffed round the neck, and trimmed with lace on the shoulders. White net or silk gloves; and lilac or lead-coloured shoes, trimmed with white.

FULL DRESSES.

3. A head dress of blue and white muslin, with feathers of the same colours. A necklace and ear-rings of gold plate. A gown of blue muslin. An upper dress of white muslin, radiated on the breast, with full shoulders, raised by puffings of blue muslin; the skirt very full on the hips, and trimmed with white lace. Shoes, white.

4. A head dress of yellow muslin, with a front of white sarsenet. A gown of yellow muslin, with an upper dress of the same, trimmed with silver stripes and tassels; the skirt hanging in scollops at bottom. The shoulders raised with white sarsenet; and the neck ornamented with a frill of lace, and silver bows. Shoes, white.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
1949
OCT

Morning Dress for Oct.r 1800.

Afternoon Dress for Oct.r 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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The Apollonian Wreath.

EDWY AND ELGIVA.

IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

EXPERT in arms, wise—gentle—graceful—fair,
The noble Edwy, Edred's lawful heir,
Proclaim'd his title to that glorious throne
Where once his predecessor Alfred shone:
And now the day arriv'd, when o'er his head
Great England's diadem it's honours spread,
While thro' the banquet-hall, with loud acclaim,
Repeated echoes sung the monarch's name,
Dukes, barons, knights, in this great point agreed,---
That Edwy's fortune equall'd but his meed.
Among the crowd conven'd, this feast to grace,
Dunstan, the haughtiest of the priestly race,
Appear'd; who erst rul'd England with a sway
Which mark'd the manners of that barb'rous day:
Of soul vindictive, prompt his pow'r to shew,
Where tame Submission stoop'd to meet the blow,
He thro' the joyous band a scowling eye
Sent forth, the new-crown'd Edwy to descry:
In vain he gazes, and with sullen glare
Observes his absent Prince's vacant chair;
While hoarse with rage his thund'ring voice resounds,
And Edwy's name from wall to wall rebounds;

Till, stamping, foaming——" Worthless king!" he roar'd,
" Thus to desert thy guests and festal board.
" This rudeness, on a day to thee so great,
" Bespeaks an injury to thy crown and state.
" But, ha!—who knows—perhaps a puling bride
" Claims that attention to thy peers deny'd:
" Should it be so!"——he paus'd——malignant ire
Swell'd his dark brow, and gleam'd terrific fire
From orbs that wildly roll'd, some cause to seek
On which the priest his dire revenge might wreak;
When, starting sudden, from the hall he stalks,
Nor notes the heavy grandeur in his walks,
Which, thro' each spacious chamber's ample bound,
The gilded ornaments profusely crown'd;
Till thro' a lattic'd window, on his way,
He kenn'd the cause of Edwy's strange delay.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Mute with infuriate malice Dunstan stood,
And Edwy's smiling friends impatient view'd
(His wife and mother), whose joint influence,
Unequall'd beauty, modesty, and sense,
Detain'd the king, his moments to improve
With friendship's charms, and all the charms of Love.
" Hence!—stripling, hence!" at last the priest exclaim'd,
While Envy's deepest shade his cheek inflam'd:
" Hence—to thy courtiers fly. I charge thee, quit
" This dame convenient, and her puling chit!"
So saying, with a fierce triumphant air,
He strove to sep'rate the astonish'd pair.

Aw'd by that pow'r, usurp'd in days of yore,
Which priestcraft practis'd——practis'd now no more——
Pale Edwy stood, nor dar'd resistance make,
Tho' honor, friendship, love, were all at stake;
While soft Elgiva agonizing kneel'd,
And all her modest tenderness reveal'd:
With feeble arms she strove her lord to clasp,
But strove in vain against the nervous grasp
Of ranc'rous Dunstan, who, with horrid pride,
Dash'd to the ground his regal master's bride;
And, maugre supplications, tears, and sighs,
Bore to the hall his sad, indignant prize;
Where, while each bishop, monk, and wary priest,
Condemn'd this outrage of a royal feast,

The youthful lords, by Dunstan's baseness fir'd,
Urg'd to their king—revenge!——but tho' inspir'd
By zeal heroic, the great purpose fail'd,
And the proud churchman's cruel arts prevail'd.

Not the soft pleadings of a guiltless love,
Nor youth, nor beauty, could his pity move:
The dread divorce ensu'd——and, horrid deed,
Elgiva, Edwy's blooming queen, must bleed!

CANTO THE THIRD.

But who can paint the agonies he felt,
How much he pleaded, and how long he knelt,
To deprecate a sentence so severe,
Which struck at all the monarch's soul held dear!
Nor may the sorrows of the lovely queen,
Her tears, her prayers, her supplicating mien,
Be justly traced——when, in the dungeon's gloom,
She mourn'd the sacrifice of life's soft bloom.
Here stood the haggard monk, with rage-swoln eyes;
There a stern abbess: both each method tries
To add to suff'rings already more
Than monk, or nun, or abbess ever bore;
Till, frantic with their threats of future pains,
Tortur'd Elgiva shook her cruel chains,
While her proud foes, with savage vengeance fir'd,
Unfeeling menac'd, triumph'd, and retir'd.
Yet she went on——"Ah! give me back my lord—
"My life—my love—my sov'reign king ador'd!——
"But, see, he comes——Elgiva to restore:
"It is my Edwy!——now we part no more!"
True—it was Edwy; he that instant came,
And to his bosom caught her sinking frame.
"Save me!" she added—"for those looks declare
"Death to thy consort——to her soul despair!"
He turn'd, and midst the gloom some figures saw
Meet to perform the dread behests of law.
Too well the king guess'd what their presence meant,
Nor once had doubted Dunstan's dire intent.
Quick they advanc'd——again description fails——
Elgiva dies!——tyrannic pow'r prevails.

M.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

WHY droops, my friend, thy guiltless head?
Why are those tears of anguish shed?
Tho' Heav'n has stripp'd thee of thy wealth,
Its bounty leaves thee rosy health:
Then let my soothing voice thy cares dispel;
Resume thy hopes, and all shall yet be well.

Ah! me!—I should respect those tears,
Expressive of a father's fears!—
The tender partner of thy cares——
She, too, the bitter portion shares.
'Tis this, alas! that points Misfortune's dart——
'Tis this that wounds thy brave but feeling heart.

But, to my humble roof repair;
A friend sincere expects thee there;
And joyful transports he will feel
If thou wilt grace his frugal meal:
There on my faithful breast thy head recline——
My comforts share——thy sorrows shall be mine.

Thy drooping wife shall soon revive,
Thy children 'neath my roof shall thrive;
With anxious fondness I will tend
Those children, with my much lov'd friend:
So, whilst the little prattlers we caress,
Their lisping accents both our names shall bless.

J. W.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN,

'*ADESTE FIDELES*,' &c.

TO view, ye faithful, the transporting sight,
To hallow'd Bethlem flock with holy zeal;
The King of angels hath beheld the light:
To Him let all the circling nations kneel.

To Him let all their grateful incense bring,
The mighty God of Gods, th' Essential Light!
Who from a virgin's spotless womb did spring,
Stamp'd with his heavenly Father's image bright.

Then

Then glory, Jesus, be ascrib'd to thee,
Whom day's bright orb rejoicing sees again:
Thou to thy Father ever dear shalt be.——
Let all the earth send forth a greeting strain.

In holy concert, whilst th' angelic choir,
And starry host, their hallelujahs sing,
Let us, frail mortals, to the theme aspire,
With songs of praise, to glorify our King.

Old Broad Street, Sept. 1800. J. W.

*TO MISS CL**KE.*

BY A NEAPOLITAN NOBLEMAN.

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis. Hor.

FROM Virgil's tomb, and Baïa's coast,
I came to Britain's colder clime:
What there I saw, that charmed me most,
The Muse shall tell in British rhyme.

When Milton saw Italian belles,
Inspir'd, he wrote Italian song:*
His wondrous powers, his magic spells,
To Love in ev'ry land belong.

Thus I, who oft have fail'd in prose,
Have caught a quick poetic spark;
Such fervour in my bosom glows,
Shot from the radiant eyes of Cl**ke!

A second Baïa I have found,
Not like the first in sad decay,
By ashes 'whelm'd, by ocean drown'd,
Of jarring elements the prey:

For at this Baïa, all must know,
The glories of the old one fall;
Say, † Cæsar, Pliny, Cicero,
Had ye a Pump-room and a Ball?

* Milton's Italian Sonnets.

† Cæsar, Pliny, and Cicero, had villas on the coast of Baïa, which are destroyed by eruptions of volcanoes, and by encroachments of the sea.

But how shall my presumptuous strain
To praise the nymph I saw aspire?
" Stop!" cries the Muse, " nor dare profane
" A subject for a Virgil's lyre!"

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

TO MISS JUL--A B—— N.

[From the French.]

LIRIS, whom shepherds on the Seine
Count the first beauty of the plain,
By Damon left forlorn,
Cried—" Did he ev'ry Saint invoke
" With vows, made only to be broke,
" Charms such as mine to scorn?

" Since Heav'n's just anger he defies,
" And from my arms perfidious flies
" To court a homelier maid;
" Repent he may when 'tis too late,
" Revenge shall sooth my hapless fate,
" On yonder river laid."

Quick to the eddying stream she goes,
Upon her cheek pines ev'ry rose,
Tears trickle from her eye:
Fix'd on her doom, disdains to shrink;
But, rising o'er the sedgy brink,
Heaves a despairing sigh.

Check'd by the grim approach of Death,
Aghast she stood; then, out of breath,
Ran to her flocks again:——
" Good God!" she said, " was I so mad
" To risk the only life I had!—
" Lovers enough remain."

CUPID AND THE YOUNG FOWLER.

Translated from BION, an ancient Greek Poet.

A BEARDLESS youth, who, in the leafy wood,
Try'd all his art to catch the feather'd brood,
Saw Cupid flutt'ring in a boxen tree——
" Lo! there," he cries, " a pretty bird I see!

" My

" My reeds with utmost skill I'll now prepare,
" And in a trice the silly rogue ensnare."
But Cupid, laughing, flew from spray to spray,
And fool'd the youngster half a summer's day.
Tir'd, and enrag'd, at length he quits his game,
And, frowning, to the hoary ploughman came,
By whom he first was taught the fowler's arts,
Shews him the bird, and all th' affair imparts.
To him, loud laughing, thus the ploughman spake:—
" Leave off your sporting, and the bird forsake;
" Fly hence, my boy; such game no more pursue:
" His wicked looks his inward mischief shew.
" You're happy while your vain pursuit he flies;
" But when to manly years and strength you rise,
" The wanton, who but now your presence fled,
" Will court your hand, and perch upon your head. J. S.

THE WORN-OUT MARINER.

O PRIDE! behold where, at thy lofty gate,
The famish'd Beggar lies! The lame, the blind,
The poor artificer, or vet'ran bold,
Whose guiltless age and mutilated limbs
Are his proud passports! Dost thou feel for him—
Thy brother—Man? But nobler than thyself
By Nature's heraldry! Behold his scars,
His silver hair, scatter'd by ev'ry blast
That wings the wint'ry storm. Does gratitude
To him present a portion of that wealth,
Which he, by many an hour of fierce exploit,
Rescu'd from foreign foes? Does fancy paint,
Amid thy dreams of labour'd respiration,
The stormy night, when, on the tatter'd shrouds,
Drench'd by the pelting show'r, the seaman stood,
Braving the dreadful gulf that yawn'd below?
Such was the Mendicant that haunts thy gate;
So were his youthful hours consum'd for thee!
When o'er the rocking deck the sulphur'd flash
Of desolating War its terrors threw,
Midst dying groans; while thund'ring, peal on peal,
The brazen tongue of Slaughter roar'd revenge,
Making Heaven's concave tremble! See that cheek,
Wither'd by torrid suns or gelid climes,
Bath'd with a silent tear! Beside him stands,

With

With half-retiring step and modest eye,
His mis'ry's only hope—a beauteous girl—
Gentle as innocent! Her daily task
Is filial piety: attention sweet,
That marks th' angelic mind! Her out-stretch'd arm
Guides the slow foot-steps of her drooping sire,
Grown blind with age, and wearied out with toil.
Yet, 'midst the sober wilderness of woe,
Her voice breathes comfort; and her speaking eye,
When on a bed of straw her parent sleeps,
Is rais'd in supplication to that God
Who mocks Distinction! Fortune—dull, and blind—
Thou, from whose loss uncounted treasures fall,
Strewing the paths of bloated infamy
With rich redundancy of Nature's stores,
Till the pall'd fancy sickens, and the senses
Faint with satiety: oh, Fortune, blind!
Had'st thou no little hoard for modest worth?
No silent nook, in the vast space of earth,
Where the wrong'd child of Poverty might rest,
Screen'd from the worst of mortal miseries—
The cold Contempt of Ignorance and Pride?
Yes—know, high-crested Pride, there yet remains
ONE place—ONE sacred, solitary spot—
Where HER shall rest, remember'd; while THY name
Shall steal to dark oblivion; when the grave
Shall be your equal home; and time shall prove
That Pity's tear, which consecrates the dust
Of humbled Virtue, shall ascend to Heav'n,
When tombs of kings shall moulder into dust!

LAURA MARIA.

SONNET.

BY G. DYER.

On seeing a beautiful young Female Maniac in Bedlam.

SWEET Maid, when sickness mars that angel face,
Like the rude worm that riots on the rose,
While goodness in the gentle bosom glows,
May Beauty leave her dear, accustom'd place!

No:——still the languid eye can beam a smile;
As near a cloud the trembling sun-beams play
(Kind harbingers of more refulgent day),
Tho' the fair sun conceals himself awhile.

But,

But, ah!—since Melancholy's baneful hand
Vile poppy-dews hath round thy temples spread;
Since moon-struck horrors haunt thy restly head,
All-hopeless Pity here shall take her stand!—
Pity for thee shall spare her tend'rest sigh;
For thou art Pity's Child—partner of Misery!

INDIFFERENCE.

A WHIMSICAL Lover's a prey to each care,
He's lost to himself whilst he lives to the Fair;
He dreams all the day, and he wakes all the night;
His sorrow is lasting, and short his delight.
Th' enliv'ning charms of the full-flowing bowl
Inspire us with friendship, and brighten the soul:
Then, plague on all care!——come, fill up the glass,
And round the blithe circle, my boys, let it pass;
Let my pretty girl go round for the toast;
I'm pleas'd if she's mine, and the same if she's lost:
As long as she loves me I know she'll be true;
And if she should alter——why, so will I too.
Should she be inconstant, why should I be sad?
'Tis time to grow wiser, and not to grow mad!
If gen'rous and good, she will value true love;
And the loss of a jilt is a blessing, by Jove!
The loss of a girl shall never destroy
The blissful tranquillity which I enjoy:
Whatever may happen, I'll wisely prepare
Indifference!...that sov'reign cure of all care!

Wakefield, Sept. 9. U. T. H.

LA GAZE.

Par M. De Segur, Aîné.

Recommended to the attention of the Ladies who display too much of their charms.

Air..." Du Vaudeville de la Soirée Orageuse."

L'HOMME, dans son premier séjour,
Eut pour voile son Innocence;
Mais pour augmenter son Amour,
Sa Femme inventa la Décence.

Craignant

Craignant qu'il ne conservât pas
Pour ses Charmes sa tendre extase,
Elle couvrit ses doux appas
D'une feuille, au défaut de Gaze.

Souvent le Beauté m'éblouit;
Mais c'est la Pudeur qui m'attache,
Je fuis la Belle qui me suit,
Je poursuis celle qui se cache.
Le voile est un joli secret;
Moins on voit, et plus on s'embrâse
De Venus, le plus doux attrait
Etait sa ceinture de Gaze!

Qu'ils étaient gênans, ces habits
Que jadis portaient nos Grands-meres,
Grands paniers, robes à grands plis—
Contre l'Amour que de Barrieres!
La mode aujourd'hui, par Bonheur,
Prenant la Liberté pour bâse,
Entre le Plaisir et l'Honneur,
Ne laisse plus rien.....qu'une Gaze!

Lorsque nous peignons le Plaisir,
Voilons avec goût son image;
Un léger obstacle au Désir
Fait qu'on désire davantage.
Sans vêtement, la Volupté
Bientôt nous dégoûte et nous blâse:
Pour faire aimer notre Gaîté,
Amis, n'oublions pas la Gaze!

☞ *A* Translation *is requested.*

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I....Card-table.
Charade II....Cat-gut.
Charade III....Bag-pipe.
Charade IV....Clod-pole.

CHARADES.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY First, in Latin sense, too oft betrays
The unsuspecting virtue of my Whole,
On whose deluded mind keen sorrow preys,
And rends the feelings of her conscious soul.

My Second then incautiously she tries,
In hopes to quell the tumult of despair:
Thro' ev'ry vein the fatal poison flies,
And saps the vitals of the ling'ring fair!

HENRY FLETCHER.

CHARADE II.

MY First hath its seat in the mind;
'Tis a source on which honour depends;
A chain which will forcibly bind
Each man to be firm to his friends.

My Second 's the adjective race;
But as to its form and degree,
That must not appear in this place,
For my Charade too easy would be.

When my First and my Second unite,
The disgrace of my Whole may be found,
Tho' it shrinks from the glare of the light,
And acts like a mole under ground.

A RIDDLE.

MY Riddle 's the means to impart
A zephyrus breeze to the Fair:
But, say, is it Nature, or Art,
That taketh it under her care?

Yet wherefore should Art be despis'd,
If it is not the means of distress?
My Riddle the Ladies much prize,
And it maketh a part of their dress.

Again:

Again: I have known it expos'd
To the touch of the husbandman 's hand,
When the work of the day was not clos'd,
Tho' the sheaf was releas'd from its band.

But how can a zephyrus breeze
Be combin'd with the dress of the Fair?
Like Eve, do they deck from the trees?
Or do they delight in the air?

To Correspondents, &c.

OUR Correspondents are requested to recollect, that, according to our original Prospectus, "*every Article* in continuation *must be finished within the same Volume.*" *Except in the single instance of* Jane of Flanders, *this rule has not been violated; nor do we intend that it shall be infringed in future. Our Fair Writers, therefore, will be good enough to furnish us with the completion of the different continued Articles as soon as possible.*

We must absolutely protest against Articles of too gre[illegible] *they deprive our Readers of that* variety *of subjects which they have a right to expect. We cannot, in future, allow (in general) more than three or four pages in a Number to any one Article; and shorter Communications will be still more acceptable.*

The Favours of S. W. *will be always welcome.*

The Sylvan Fête *would subject us to a Duty at the Stamp Office.*

We certainly did *receive the Lines about which* Democritus *is so solicitous: As they do not properly come under the Head* Poetry, *we shall, perhaps,* amuse *our Readers, and satisfy the anxious Writer, by giving them a place here, exactly as they are written.*

On a Lady flying from her Lover

Where Beauty shines
Except these lines
And let a lover for ever say
Where is the damsel that is gone astray
My cries unheard I seek in vain
I little thought she'd give me pain
But Oh · Alas I'll stir no more
Untill Ive found my sought for store

Democritus.

Our Readers would scarcely credit the shoals of such odd fish that every Month brings into our Net. Were we obliged to give Answers to all Correspondents of this kind, it would occupy half our time. Delicacy, and even humanity, induce us to pass them by in silence; and we are only vexed when the Authors will not take the hint.

Viator *is not approved.*

Eveshamemis *shall appear in our next.*

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Mrs COSWAY

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